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"ROCKET" AND "FLYER."

BY JOEL STACY.

IN the soft, green light of the leafy June,
"Rocket" and "Flyer" sat humming a tune;
Humming and chatting, they soberly swayed
In the hammock under the linden's shade.

Said "Rocket" to "Flyer": "To make them
quite strong,

Mamma said we scarcely could take too much
pains;"

"Oh, yes!" answered "Flyer," "and ever so
long! —

But, how funny for horses to make their own
reins!"

A live pair of horses. They worked side by
side,

As each a crochet-needle daintily plied.

Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie
Blair,

And never was seen a more beautiful pair.

Spirited, supple, strong, gentle, and fleet

Were "Rocket" and "Flyer," as Robbie
allowed.

Rob was their master,—so chubby and sweet,
'T was plain to be seen why his horses were
proud.

Such a grip as he had! Such a "*whoa!*" and
a "*go!*"

Such a power over horses—(of *their* kind, you
know);

Such a genius for making them follow his will,—
For making them amble, or holding them still!

Well, it seems that one day, when the spirited
span

Were hitched to a rose-bush that stood by the
door,

At the sight of a spider, they broke loose and ran;
And Robbie sat wailing as never before.

His lines were all tangled, and broken, and torn.
The rose-bush rained petals, and sprang back in
scorn.

For "Rocket" and "Flyer," as Robbie declared,
"Had turned into girls just because they were
scared!"

In vain they begged pardon, flushed, laughing
and warm;

In vain coaxed and kissed in their prettiest
style;

But at last, by a promise, they conquered the
storm,

And won from their master a nod and a smile.

They would make him "a new set of reins? —
good and strong?"

Make him "reins that were nearly a dozen yards
long?" —

Ah, "Rocket" and "Flyer," — you beautiful
span!

'T is you who can manage the stout little man!

And this was the reason they swung side by side,
And each a crochet-needle daintily plied; —

Their *real* names were Fanny and Marjorie Blair,
And never was seen a more beautiful pair.



The Scarlet Tanager

A YOUNG BIRD-HUNTER'S STRANGE ADVENTURE.

by J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES OF EAVESDROPPING.



IN the grassy bank by the door of the old parsonage, a slender boy, with thin, dark features and straight black hair, sat with a shingle on his lap, skinning a bird.

Hearing the latch of the gate click, he looked up and scowled.

"It's old Pickerel!" he muttered, bending his eyes again intently on his work. "Wonder what he wants here!"

The visitor was a young man, not more than thirty; but, being a school-master, the boys called him old; and, because his name was Pike, they called him Pickerel.

He came along the graveled walk, swinging his light cane, and without appearing to notice particularly the boy's occupation said, in a tone of voice meant to be conciliatory:

"Is your father at home, Gaspar?"

"No, he aint," Gaspar replied curtly, without looking up again from his bird.

Old Pickerel—or, rather, young Mr. Pike—paused and hesitated, while a look of displeasure or disappointment, or both, gathered on that beaming, friendly face of his.

What he thought was: "When you come to my school, you'll be taught manners more becoming a minister's son, and learn not to say *aint*." What he said was—(in a tone still resolutely conciliatory, for he seemed aware of wild traits in this young colt, whom he was to catch first and afterward tame):

"I am sorry for that. At what time will he return?"

"Don't know," said Gaspar shortly, as before, while he continued skinning his bird.

The visitor was about to turn away in disgust, but he hesitated again. It was evidently hard for

him to keep up the bland and winning manner of his first questions; but he did it heroically, and asked if Gaspar's mother was in.

"Guess so," was the discourteous answer he received; and he moved on toward the door.

"If the old gentleman aint at home, the old lady will do," mused Gaspar, who commonly spoke of his parents in this light, irreverent way. (Sometimes, I regret to relate, they were "the old man" and "the old woman.")

"What's up, I wonder? I'll bet they've sent for him to talk over my going into the high school this fall!"

He stopped skinning his bird, and fixed on vacancy a fierce, discontented look.

"But I aint going to the high school; that's all there is about that! My days of slavery are over. I'm going to have a good time now, when I can; and when I can't, I'll make a row."

He tried to give his mind once more to the bird-skinning, but he was excited and listless; a longing possessed him to know how a quiet little conversation about himself would sound.

He seemed to conclude that it would be amusing; so, slipping the shingle, with the bird and knife on it, under a lilac-bush, he glided cautiously around the corner of the house, and turned up an expectant ear under the sitting-room window.

He could hear voices within, but it was some time before he could make out much that was said. At length, his mother's voice began to rise and swell with tempestuous emotion.

"I wish my husband were here to talk with you," she was saying, "for I can't,—I can't,—without giving way to my feelings and saying what I know I shall regret afterward."

"You need not hesitate to be quite frank with me," was the reply, in earnest accents, breaking through the subdued tones of the formal call. "I know something about boys. I have studied them all my life, and I have never yet found one that did not have some good traits that could be success-

fully appealed to, if approached by the right person in the right way."

"It *is* about me," thought Gaspar, listening breathlessly. But he was not displeased by the visitor's remark. "Guess old Pick aint such a very scaly fellow, after all!" he said to himself. But his mother was speaking now.

"Oh, yes! And Gaspar is no exception. He can be the pleasantest, most obliging boy you ever saw, when things go to suit him; but that is n't much of the time, I'm forced to say, if I *am* his mother! And when things don't go just ac-

"He seems to regard us as his enemies; whereas, mercy knows, we work and pray only for his good. He is not a malicious or a vicious boy; nor lazy, if he is only interested in what he is doing—then, I am often surprised to see how industrious and capable he is!"

"That is boy-like. I have known many just such cases," said the visitor.

"I should n't mind, if we could ever get him interested in anything we wish him to do," the mother resumed. "But that seems well-nigh impossible. The very fact that we wish a thing done is enough



AN UNGRACIOUS RECEPTION.

cording to his notion—oh! I can't begin to tell you how we suffer from his unfilial conduct!"

The mother's voice became flawed and gusty with grief; while the listener under the window scowled and set his teeth, as if he found eaves-dropping not so agreeable a pastime as he had anticipated.

The school-master made some sympathetic response, which was only half-audible to Gaspar, and then Mrs. Heth went on:

to prejudice him against it, and often we have induced him to pursue a desired course by appearing to oppose him in it. He told his sister that he could n't be hired to go to the picnic last week; but when his father said, 'I suppose you wont care to go, and it will be better, perhaps, for you to stay at home,' he changed his mind and went, to our great relief."

"Ho, ho!" whispered Gaspar softly, not at all

pleased to learn how he had been cajoled. "I'll look out for you next time!"

"His father and I have wished to give him an education; and though we are not rich, we would cheerfully have made any sacrifices to send him to college and prepare him for a profession. But he hates study. Oh! when I think of the difference between him and some boys I know, who are striving for an education against the greatest obstacles, while he is throwing away his opportunities, it makes me —"

"What is she crying for?" Gaspar said to himself, in the painful interval of silence which followed.

"We should be willing for him to leave school," she resumed presently, "if there were any other useful thing he would apply himself to. But he thinks he's cruelly misused if we even require him to take care of the horse, or split a little kindling-wood. It is, in fact, so great a trial to get anything of that kind done, that his father would never ask it of him if it were not a still greater trial to see him idle. That he is a minister's son, makes the matter seem worse than if he belonged to anybody else; so much is expected of a minister's family! But he appears to have no regard for his father's position; and, indeed, but very little respect for him, anyway."

"I infer that he is not a very good scholar," said the visitor.

"He is a very poor scholar. But it is n't the fault of his ability. I never saw a child so quick to learn, when he once gives his mind to anything. But his object in school seems to have been to have all the fun he could, while studying just enough to pass his examinations, and not get left by his class. Not one of his teachers has seemed able to get at the right side of him; and I know he has worked against them in every way he could."

"Evidently they have not understood him," said the school-master.

"How could they be expected to understand him, when I, his own mother, can not?" said the woman, despondently. "Oh, what would I not give to find the right chord to touch in his nature, and know just how to reach it! There must be such a chord,—he is so bright, so ingenious, so ready to help almost anybody but his own family and friends!"

Gaspar scowled harder than ever, and his breath came thickly. He wished his mother would not talk in that way!

"You see, now," she went on, "why we have sent for you. We need your advice and help. We are very anxious that he should enter at your school the next term; and I thought that, perhaps, if you could talk with him, knowing something of his peculiar disposition to begin with, you might have some influence over him."

The school-master did not reply for a moment.

"Guess he don't care to take that contract," thought Gaspar, remembering his recent surly behavior to the visitor. "He'll think that I'm too bad to try to do anything with, and I can't blame him." So he hardened his heart, although, for some reason, he felt now that he would a little rather have the good opinion of old Pickerel.

"What sort of persons are his associates?" the teacher asked, after a pause.

"Just such as you might suppose,—the most idle and reckless boys in the neighborhood. There is Pete Cheevy, perhaps the worst of them all. Scarce a day passes but he and our boy are off together robbing birds' nests, or killing the poor little birds."

"I have observed them together," said the visitor; "and I must confess that I have wondered to see your son keeping such company."

"We have tried to prevent it," rejoined the mother; "and we have tried to prevent this warfare on the birds. But Gaspar has a gun—an old-fashioned fowling-piece that his uncle gave him; he even feels hard toward us, because his father will not buy him a breech-loader! He says that we oppose him in everything. Whereas, mercy knows, we have been too indulgent. He is an only son; he was our idol in his babyhood—all our hopes centered in him. Now,—to think how he repays us!"

And Gaspar, under the window, could distinctly hear his mother's sobs.

"I am sure there must be some way of reaching his better nature," said Mr. Pike. "But I see he is suspicious of me; thinking, no doubt, that because I am a school-master I must be plotting against his liberty. I will help you, if I can, Mrs. Heth; but it is possible that it will not be best for him to enter the high school; and, if so, for his own good we should wish to know it."

"He's a level-headed old Pick, anyway!" thought Gaspar, under the window.

"It is n't always wise to oppose such a boy in everything," the visitor went on. "But if we can discover the bent of his genius, and what he wishes most at heart, we may, perhaps, direct him in the right way,—not by damming the stream, but by turning it into a proper channel."

His voice sounded as if he was rising to go, and the boy made haste to get away from the window.

CHAPTER II.

A TALK ABOUT BIRDS.

WHEN Mr. Pike came out of the house, a few minutes later, he saw Gaspar Heth sitting on the grass where he had left him, with the little raw, red body of the bird on the shingle beside him,

and the skin in his hands, smoothing out the ruffled plumage.

"What sort of bird is that?" the school-master inquired, approaching, and leaning on his cane.

Gaspar did not answer for a moment, undecided whether to regard this man as a friend or an enemy. He shaped the wings, and holding out the beak and tail, said at length:

"Don't you know it?"

"No, I don't; I know very little about birds,—much less than I wish I did."

"It's a flicker," said Gaspar, quite pleased to be able to teach the master of the high school something.

"A flicker? What's a flicker?" queried the master.

"A high-hole," said Gaspar.

"Well!" Mr. Pike answered good-humoredly, "that leaves me as ignorant as I was before. What is a high-hole?"

Gaspar laughed. It was fun to puzzle old Pick-erel, and he wished some boys that he knew were there to witness his triumph.

"It's a yellow-hammer," he replied. "Now you know."

"Now I don't know; in fact, I know less than I did before," said the master. "For, if I am not mistaken, the yellow-hammer is a European species; we have no yellow-hammer in this country."

This bit of bird-knowledge took the gleeful Gaspar by surprise. He did not respect old Pick any the less for it, however.

"You are not mistaken," he said. "We have no true yellow-hammer. But that is one of the common names this bird goes by. It is called a flicker, too, I suppose, on account of the flashing yellow of its wings when it flies; and a high-hole, from the holes it makes for its nest in the trunks of trees."

"Now I know the bird," replied the school-master; "as I think I should have done at first, if I had seen it on the wing. It is the pigeon-woodpecker, or golden-winged woodpecker, or golden-shafted woodpecker; it seems to have a great many names."

Gaspar was growing interested in the conversation.

"It has still another name," he said; "you ought to know that."

"Why so?"

"Because it is Latin, and because you are the school-master."

"I am humiliated now!" said the teacher, with a humorous, rueful smile. "I pretend to teach Latin, and yet I don't know the Latin name for this bird!—though, I suppose, it must be some

sort of *picus*, that being the Latin name for woodpecker."

"That's it," cried Gaspar, growing more and more animated. "Though I have always called it *pick-us*, because it picks the trees."

"A very natural mistake," said the school-master. "But the *i* has the long sound; and the word is not related to our word *pick* at all. This *picus* must have some other Latin word to qualify it, and show what particular species it is. Do you remember it?"

"*Auretus*; *pickus auretus*, or something like that."

The master smiled again.

"Not *au'retus*, but *aura'tus*, my boy, with the accent on the long *a* of the second syllable; *picus aura'tus*. That is, *woodpecker decked with gold*; and a very good name it is. I am not surprised that you did not get it quite right; on the contrary, I am surprised that you should have observed and remembered the Latin name at all."

"There's a book about birds in the public library; in looking it over, I've noticed that all the woodpeckers are called *picus*,—which I thought meant *pickers*,—and then I could n't help wondering what some of the other words meant. I have asked myself what *auratus* stood for, a good many times; and now I am glad that I know it means 'decked with gold.' But I can't see the use of giving Latin and Greek names to birds and things, nowadays."

"Perhaps I can explain it to you," said the master. "Take this bird, for instance. We have seen that it has several common names; one of which, certainly, belongs to another bird. So, if a person speaks of a yellow-hammer, how are you to know whether he means this or the European species? In ordinary conversation you may think that is not very important; but in all scientific descriptions, it is necessary that such names shall be used as can not be misunderstood."

"But why can't men of science agree upon English names?" the boy inquired.

"That is a sensible question. The answer to it is that all men of science are not English-speaking people. There are German, French, Spanish, Swedish, Dutch, Russian ornithologists, and those of many other countries. Now, it is true, they might all agree upon an English name for each bird; but it would be as unreasonable for us to expect that of foreigners, as we would consider it, if we were all required to learn a French or a Dutch name. It really seems much simpler and more convenient to use Latin and Greek names, which learned men in all countries agree upon and understand; so that a German man of science will know just what a Spanish man of science is

writing about, if he uses correct scientific terms. Now, take the case of this very bird. A Swedish naturalist, named Linnaeus, who was a great botanist, and classified and gave scientific names to plants, also gave names to many birds—to this species, I suppose, among others; so that, when *picus auratus* is alluded to by any writer in any language, ornithologists know just what bird is meant. So, you see, these scientific terms that you dislike form a sort of universal language understood by men of science the world-over."

"Can't a person be a good ornithologist without knowing Latin and Greek?" Gaspar inquired.

"Oh, yes; but he will find it very useful indeed to know those languages, especially as some species of birds have more than one scientific name, given them by more than one writer on the subject. To know at least the rudiments of Greek and Latin will be a great help to him; and these can be acquired without very severe study. But, after all," the master continued, seeing the boy's countenance fall, "to know a thing itself is of much greater importance than to know fifty different names for it, be they ever so scientific. I suppose you have learned a great deal about this bird, its characteristics of form and color, its habits, its food, and its eggs."

"I know all that," said Gaspar, brightening again. "I have its eggs, and they are beauties! Six of them, pure white, about an inch long. I got them myself, by hard digging with a knife, out of a hole in a tree as long as my arm—I mean the hole, not the tree."

"But did n't you feel a little sorry to take away the eggs from the mother bird?" Mr. Pike ventured to say, watching the boy's face carefully.

"I should have felt worse if I had n't known she would keep right on and lay more, and hatch her brood just the same, only somewhat later. I wanted the eggs for my collection."

"Have you a collection? I should like to see it."

"Would you?" said Gaspar. "Well, I'd like to show it to you, if you wont mind the looks of my room. I am scolded every day in the year for the litter I keep it in, but I don't see what harm it does. I'll show you my collection of bird-skins, too, if you like." And, as the master replied that he would like that, too, very much, Gaspar led the way into the house.

CHAPTER III.

GASPAR'S COLLECTIONS.

MRS. HETH had watched with anxious interest the school-master and her wayward son talking together in the yard; but it was not without a feel-

ing of dismay that she saw Gaspar bring in the visitor, and start with him toward the chamber stairs.

"Gaspar!" she cried, "what are you going to do?"

"Show my collections," said Gaspar, stiffly.

"He wont care for your collections, and, you know, you keep your room in such a state that I am positively ashamed to have it seen," remonstrated the mother.

"Excuse me, I have been in boys' rooms before," replied the master, "and I have a real desire to see his collections."

With a face full of apprehension and distress, the good woman drew back into the sitting-room, thankful that she had at least prepared him for the untidy appearance of things, which the most careful and conscientious housekeeping could not permanently remedy.

Owing, perhaps, to that forewarning, Mr. Pike, on entering the chamber, did not appear to notice at all the oil-spots on the wall-paper, the scattered feathers and bits of cotton-wool and sticks and leaves on the carpet, clothing and shoes flung about, some loose matches on the bed, and a hammer and a handful of nails on a chair. He did not mean to be surprised at anything; and he was, perhaps, all the more surprised for that reason.

Gaspar began to open his bureau drawers, the contents of which accounted for a tumbled heap of shirts and socks, thrust into a box, which peeped out from under the bed; all his wearing apparel having been removed to make space for the things, which, in his eyes, were of vastly greater importance. These were his collections; and it was the order and beauty displayed in their arrangement, contrasted with the great disorder of the room, which surprised the master.

There were eggs of various sizes, from those of the osprey and the great horned-owl down to those of the humming-bird and the smallest wren. The larger eggs were laid side by side in open paste-board boxes. "For, of course, I could n't bring home a night-heron's nest, or a fish-hawk's nest," Gaspar explained. "Guess such rafts of sticks and limbs would be too much, even for my room!" Some of the smaller eggs, also, were in boxes. "For it happens, sometimes, that two or three of us will discover a rare nest, and, of course, only one can have it; but we can share the eggs, if it has more than one."

Most of the eggs, however, were in their native nests, which were arranged with neatness and taste. These were of a great variety of size and structure, from that of the ruby-throated humming-bird, so diminutive and dainty,—(a soft bunch of the gathered down of plants, having delicately colored

lichens stuck all over it, except in the thimble-like hollow which contained the two pearls of lovely white eggs).—from that small miracle of bird-architecture, resembling a knot on a limb, to the larger and coarser nests woven of strings and sticks and hair.

zle to me. There 's one egg in the lower nest, lighter-colored and much larger than the other two."

"The nest is the chipping-sparrow's," said Gaspar; "sometimes called the hair-bird's, because



GASPAR EXHIBITS HIS COLLECTIONS TO MR. PIKE.

Mr. Pike noted these differences with a great deal of interest, and finally exclaimed:

"What 's this? It looks like a sort of two-story nest, with eggs above and below."

"That 's just what it is," replied Gaspar, delighted to see the interest with which the master regarded his treasures. "Do you see through it?"

"I see through it, in one sense," Mr. Pike replied; "for the upper story seems to have been rather hastily constructed. But it 's a puz-

it is nearly always lined with horse-hair. The two small, bluish-green eggs in the lower story are the bird's own; the larger one is that of a stranger, the meanest of all birds,—the cow-bunting, which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds."

"I thought that was the habit of the cuckoo," observed the master.

"It may be of the European cuckoo," said Gaspar; "I have heard that it is. But our American cuckoos build nests of their own. Here is one,

built of twigs and leaves and moss,—the black billed cuckoo's,—which I found myself."

The master examined the nest, but did not appear quite convinced.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Emerson says:

'Yonder masterful cuckoo
Crowds every egg out of the nest,
Quick or dead, except its own.'

"And by 'yonder cuckoo,' an American writer could hardly have meant a bird across the ocean, if he knew what he was talking about, as Emerson generally did."

"But he did n't, if he was talking about our native cuckoos," Gaspar declared confidently.

The school-master smiled to see this black-eyed boy brush aside the words of the Concord philosopher with a disdainful gesture. Gaspar went on: "I've watched the birds ever so many times; and don't I know? The cow-bunting is the rogue! I saw the bird go to this sparrow's nest, when there were two sparrow eggs in it, and it left that third egg. But it did n't crowd out the others; it left its own to be hatched with them, and the young bird to be taken care of by the sparrow, along with her own young. But what did the sparrow do? She saw that it was a strange egg, but did n't know how to get rid of it; so she set to work with her mate to build the upper story of the nest, and got it ready in time to lay her next egg in it. But they had done their work in too great a hurry; it was open to criticism, as you see. So they abandoned it, and I took it for my collection."

"It is very curious!" said the master.

Three drawers contained the nests and eggs. Gaspar opened a fourth, in which were displayed the smallest of his bird-skins. Each had the beak and claws attached, and was wrapped about a slender artificial body of cotton-wool, and laid on its back. The different specimens of a species—the male and female and young—were ranged side by side; those of the species nearest akin were placed next; and so on, through each family, sub-family, and order. It was a wonderful sight; all were so beautiful, all so still; not like dead birds, but rather like birds in a trance or sleep. The larger birds were ranged in like manner in broad paste-board boxes.

"Do you know all these species and their eggs?" the master inquired.

"Oh, of course!" said Gaspar carelessly. "It took me a long while to learn all the warblers and their eggs; for there are a great many of them, and some are very much alike. These are the warblers," he added, spreading his hands over a row of the smaller birds; "the chestnut-sided, the blue yellow-backed, the blue-winged yellow, the

blackpoll, the black-throated blue, the Cape May, the yellow-rumped, the —"

"Never mind about the rest!" exclaimed the master. "I am surprised that you should have studied and collected so many specimens."

"The only way to study them is to collect them," replied Gaspar. "Now, some folks are interested in books. But what I am interested in is birds."

"You should be a naturalist," observed the master.

"Oh! that's what I should like to be!" said the boy, his dark features glowing with enthusiasm. "But, no,—my folks want to make something else of me. They think the time I spend studying birds is 'time thrown away.' I am 'idling'; and I am a 'cruel wretch' because I take eggs and nests."

"But do you not think, yourself, that it is a great pity to destroy so many eggs and birds?" asked the master. "You have a beautiful display here; but do you know what struck me at first? Not the beauty, but the pity of it! I am glad I have seen it, for now I know there is another side to the question than that of wanton destruction and cruelty."

"Wanton destruction and cruelty!" cried Gaspar, his black eyes flashing. "I never take a bird nor an egg that I don't need to complete my collection. I only get my share, and hardly that. If you could see the host of real enemies one of these little sparrows has to dodge and hide away from before she can make a nest and raise her brood! minks and snakes, and red squirrels, and weasels, and hawks, and jays, and butcher-birds, and owls, and cats, and —"

"And young collectors," put in the master, in a quiet tone.

"I own," said Gaspar, "that they are about the worst enemies that birds have, after all! I don't mean the real collectors, for I believe they are the birds' best friends."

"I think the true ornithologist is a friend to the birds, as he must be their lover," the master admitted. "But you know, Gaspar, as well as I do, that 'collecting' is a mania with boys; innocent enough when confined to autographs and postage-stamps, but harmful when it leads to the destruction of living creatures, with no noble end in view. How many boys do you know who have begun collections of birds and eggs that will never have the least scientific value, but will be neglected and flung out-of-doors in a year or two?"

"How many? lots of them!" Gaspar answered, frankly. "But I am not one of 'em."

"You go with them, however?"

"Yes, I go with them sometimes, for their

company and help. There 's that Pete Cheevy; he can climb trees like a squirrel, and I 've some rare nests I could never have got without his assistance. By going with me, he has picked up a lot of eggs and nests; but it 's just waste material for such a fellow; all that a collection is to him is just something to brag of."

"Don't you think it is a great evil, Gaspar? Where is the law against such things?" inquired the school-master.

"Boys in this town care nothing for the law; they 're in no danger, as long as there 's nobody to complain of them. But I wish myself, sometimes, that the law might be enforced,—provided my father would get me a permit to take birds and eggs for scientific purposes," the boy hastened to add.

"Are you sure that your purposes are scientific?" the master inquired.

Gaspar looked down thoughtfully at his row of fly-catchers, smoothed the breasts of the chebec and the wood pewee in an absent-minded sort of way,—then suddenly turned his dark eyes on the master.

"What do you think?" he asked.

Before answering, Mr. Pike put to him a few questions as to his methods of preserving the eggs and birds, or, rather, the shells and skins; and especially as to the marks by which he distinguished species and ascertained the names of birds new to him.

Gaspar described the process of blowing an egg, and of curing a skin; then proceeded to deliver so intelligent and entertaining a lecture upon beaks and shanks and wing-coverts, mandibles, *tarsi* and primaries, that Mr. Pike listened with surprise and pleasure.

"Really, Gaspar," he said, "you show the zeal and instinct of a naturalist. I don't wonder you find the pursuit fascinating. How many more of our native birds will it take to complete your collections?"

"I want particularly a scarlet tanager, and a yellow-billed cuckoo, and five or six more," replied the boy; "with about as many rare nests and eggs."

"Now, Gaspar," rejoined the master, "I have a proposition to make, in your own interest, as well as that of the birds. You must agree with me that the wholesale destruction of birds and eggs by boys who have no scientific knowledge of the subject, and do not aspire to have, ought to be prohibited."

"Yes, sir," Gaspar admitted.

"Now, I want you to unite with me in helping to put a stop to it."

"But—what—how can I?"

"We will get up an interest in the subject among the townspeople, especially among the boys; and, if necessary, we will call the attention of the proper authorities to it; for the destruction of the birds, you know, means the destruction of our forests and orchards and crops by injurious insects, which our feathered friends help to keep down. We will see, Gaspar, if we can not get this useful and humane law enforced."

The boy's face looked gloomy.

"In return for what you do," the master continued, "I think I shall be able to get you a certificate from the officers of the Natural History Society, which will allow you to take birds and eggs for strictly scientific purposes."

The boy's face brightened.

"Now, that is fair, is it not?" said Mr. Pike, in a cheery tone.

"Yes—but—I don't know!" stammered Gaspar. "It will be hard for me to go back on the fellows who have hunted birds and nests with me before now."

"You need n't 'go back on them', as you say, or do anything mean and dishonorable. But what is to prevent your telling them that a movement is on foot to enforce the law, and that you, for one, intend to obey the law in future?"

Gaspar laughed with those bright black eyes of his.

"They would n't believe me!"

"What, have you so bad a reputation as a law-breaker? I am sorry to hear it! But you can mend it by mending your practices, and soon teach the boys that you are in earnest. Now promise me that you will help on by word and example the movement I propose, and I promise to get you the permit."

After some hesitation, Gaspar made the promise. Mr. Pike gave him his hand.

"I am very glad that I have had this talk with you, Gaspar. And now I am going to tell you frankly that I really came here to-day to consult with your parents about your entering the high school."

"I knew you did," said Gaspar, rather shamefacedly.

"And that is the reason why you were, perhaps, a little short with me as I came in? Well, never mind; you would have been more courteous, perhaps, if you had understood me better. I am not going to urge your parents to send you to school, unless you see, yourself, that you ought to go. Whatever you make of yourself in life, you will find a little more education than you now have extremely useful; and especially, if you mean to be an ornithologist, you should acquire a good, liberal, general knowledge, and learn how to describe your observations

and discoveries with correctness and force. Think of it, will you? Meanwhile, I will talk with your parents, and help them to a better understanding of you and your aims than they now have. Remember your promise, Gaspar, about the boys and birds!"

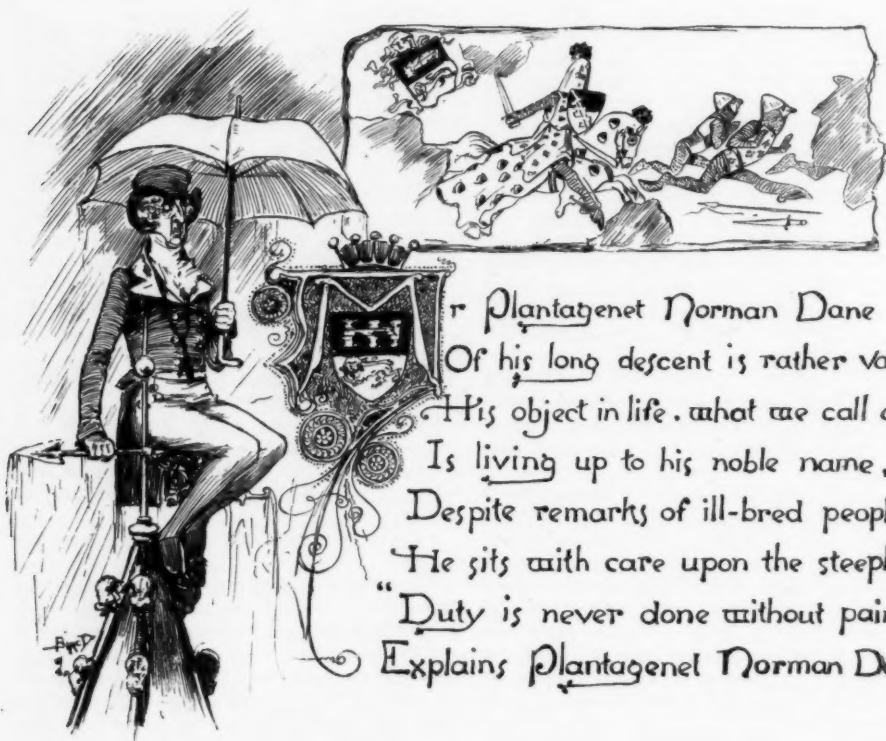
Mr. Pike afterward talked again with Mrs. Heth, and gave her much comfort and encouragement regarding her son. He lost no time in applying for the certificate, which he had promised, on his part; and, when he found that a small fee for it was required, gladly paid it out of his own pocket.

In the meantime, he became better acquainted with Gaspar, and had good reason to believe that his influence might do much toward reforming the boy, and likewise in preserving the birds of the neighborhood from wanton destruction.

Everything was, in fact, going on favorably when Gaspar one day suddenly disappeared,—disappeared as mysteriously and completely as if he had vanished in air, or had been swallowed up by the earth.

What strange thing had happened to him will be told in a future chapter.

(To be continued.)



Plantagenet Norman Dane
Of his long descent is rather vain;
His object in life, what we call aim
Is living up to his noble name,
Despite remarks of ill-bred people,
He sits with care upon the steeple;
"Duty is never done without pain"
Explains Plantagenet Norman Dane

SUPPORTING HERSELF.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

DEAR GIRLS:

The Editor asks, "Will I not talk to her girls?" Of course, I will! I would rather talk to one girl than to a planet-full of other people any time. And she asks, "Will I tell them something of what I think about girls' supporting themselves?"

There was once an old negro preacher, who said: "My bredren, if I had all heaven for my pulpit, and all earth for my congregation, and all eternity for my Sunday mornin', de tex I hab chosen to-day is de tex I'd choose on dat occasion." And, indeed, if I had the summer lightning for my magazine columns, and all the girls in North America for my readers, and the long vacation to talk in, the text which the editor has given me is the one I should "choose on dat occasion."

Dear Girls, there are just two things to be said on this large, long, broad question. The first is only: *Do it!* The second is only: *Do it thoroughly!* And have I no doubt that girls are made to support themselves? None in the world. And am I sure that they can support themselves? Perfectly sure. And do I believe that they ought to support themselves? With belief unspeakable. But would I have them neglect their parents, and desert their homes, and be disagreeable to their brothers, and ruin their health, and spoil their manners, and never get married?

Let us begin like the old Chaldeans, and read those six solemn questions backwards. Never get married? By no means! if you have no command of any trade or profession which will enable you to provide for your family under any of the many terrible emergencies of sickness, or death, or misfortune, or sin, which may throw that provision upon the woman's hands. By all means get married, if you love a man enough to face these emergencies for his sake!

Spoil your manners? If a lady is less a lady for earning her own living, she never was a lady at all, and her manners are not worth the ink I am expending upon the mention of them.

Ruin your health? If you are strong enough to live an idle or frivolous or dependent life, you have done the hardest work you will ever find yourself in the way of doing. You could be a carpenter, with less risk to muscle and nerve and brain and tissue, than to live the life that many girls live after leaving school.

Estrange your brothers? If your brothers think the less of you for an honest determination

to be able to take care of yourself, they don't deserve a good sister, and don't know her when they see her.

Desert your home? Not so long as Heaven spares you that blessed thing to cling to! Remain in it if you may; absent yourself from it if you must; but keep your heart as true to it as loyal love can be.

Neglect your parents? I would rather that you neglected yourself.

And just here let me say that I understand, and you understand, and we all understand that *some* girls must stay at home and accept a dependent life. So must some boys. To all our sweeping rules we have sharp exceptions. Now and then, the incompetent father, or the feeble mother, or the erring brothers, or the sad, untold family secret demands the devotion of the entire individual life of some one child. Now and then the child herself or himself is sorely burdened with incapacity or disease, which makes even an acquaintance with the means of pursuing an independent career a doubtful or an impossible thing, and the monotony of sheltered, small, home duties the better, truer life. This happens to brothers as well as to sisters. It need not happen because you are a girl. It should happen only because you are an exceptional girl.

Then, do I think that, as a rule, girls should learn to provide for themselves? As a rule, most assuredly! *As a rule*, it is honest, safer, nobler, and more womanly for a woman to be able to care for herself and for the father, or mother, or brother, or husband, or child, whom a hundred chances may, at any hour, fling upon her warm heart and brave hand for protection. As a rule, a girl should make herself mistress of some industry, or art, or profession, or trade, which has a market value in the great struggle for existence into which God has plunged this weary world.

As a rule, she can succeed in doing this if she determine to, and will fail in it if she does not.

Girls, first make up your minds that you will *be* something! All the rest will follow. *What* you shall be comes more easily and clearly in due time. When you have perfectly and solemnly decided to be *something*, your battle is half fought. A young lady, herself the only self-supporting sister of several in a family, poor, proud, and struggling, once said to me: "I, for one, am sure that, if a girl *wants* to command an independent means of live-

lihood, she will find out the way." And this, as a rule, is golden truth. There are exceptional parents, as there are exceptional daughters. But this you may depend upon, little women! if your whole heart is set upon, and your whole head is trained for, becoming an elocutionist, or a green-grocer, or an engraver, or a florist, or a singer, or a doctor, the chances are that elocutionist, or green-grocer, or engraver, or florist, or singer, or doctor you will be. Your mother may forbid you a whim; she will not disregard a purpose. Your father may laugh at a notion; he will respect an enthusiasm. You will not find a friend to encourage you in jerky, hysteric, vague attempts to acquire fame without genius, or wealth without labor, or success without perseverance. You may find for your unswerving aspiration, and your dogged hard work,—you may find—ah, my dear girls! I wish I could say you will find—as many helping hands as your brothers will find. But that is not yet; perhaps the day will come. Women must work yet awhile under discouragement such as only women know. Don't expect the help your brother gets! Make up your mind to that in the beginning. I am only saying that, once your mind is *made*, you will find help enough to enable you to keep it in shape; and, after all, that is a great deal.

Now, the earlier you do this the better. A girl of thirteen can not decide, to be sure, with any discretion or any assurance, whether she will be a sculptor or a wash-woman, a farmer or a poet; but she can decide distinctly whether it is her wish or her duty, after leaving school or college, to remain dependent upon her parents or to fit herself for a self-providing life.

The education by which you mean to get your bread and butter, your gloves and bonnets is a very different affair from that which you take upon yourself as an ornament and an interval in life. The chemical experiment which you may some day have to explain to pupils of your own is quite another thing from the lesson that you may never think of again. The practice in book-keeping, which may some time regulate your dealings with live, flesh-and-blood customers, becomes as interesting as a new story. The dull old rules for inflection and enunciation fairly turn into poetry, if you hope to find yourself a great public reader some coming day. And the very sawdust of the French or Latin grammar becomes ashes of roses to the stout little fancy that dreams of brave work and big salary, in some foreign department at Washington, or tutoring girls or boys for college. All over the terrible ocean, among the lawless sailors, the men with wives and children to work for, are those who lead the gentlest and cleanest

lives. So, on the great ocean of school-life, the girls, with aims to study for, are those whose labor is the richest and the ripest. Ah! you will never realize till you have tried it what an immense power over the life is the power of possessing *distinct aims*. The voice, the dress, the look, the very motions of a person define and alter when he or she begins to live for a reason. I fancy that I can select in a crowded street the busy, blessed women who support themselves. They carry themselves with an air of conscious self-respect and self-content which a shabby alpaca can not hide, nor a *Bonnet* silk enhance, nor even sickness or exhaustion quite drag out.

But, girls, if you don't mean to make a thorough business of the occupation you have chosen, never, never, *never* begin to be occupied at all. Half-finished work will do for amateurs. It will never answer for professionals. The bracket you are sewing for a New Year's present can hang a little crooked on its screws, and you will be forgiven "for the love's sake found therein" by the dear heart to which you offer it; but the trinket carved for sale in the Sorrento rooms must be cut as true as a rose-leaf. You can be a little shaky as to your German declensions in the Schiller club, which you join so enthusiastically after leaving school, and no great harm ever come of it; but teach Schiller for a living, and for every dative case forgotten you are so much money out of pocket.

People who pay for a thing demand thorough workmanship or none. To offer incomplete work for complete market price, is to be either a cheat or a beggar. The terrible grinding laws of supply and demand, pay and receive, give and get, give no quarter to shilly-shally labor. The excellence of your intentions is nothing to the point. The stress of your poverty has not the slightest connection with the case. An editor will never pay you for your poem because you wish to help your mother. No customer will buy her best bonnet or her wheat flour of you because you are unable to pay your rent. When you have entered the world of trade, you have entered a world where tenderness and charity and personal interest are foreign relations. Not "for friendship's sake," nor "for pity's sake," nor "for chivalry's sake" runs the great rallying-cry of this great world,—but only "*for value received*."

It is with sorrow and shame, but yet with hope and courage, that I write it,—there is reason for the extensive complaint made by men, that women do not work thoroughly. I am afraid that, till time and trouble shall have taught them better, they will not. Is it because they have never been trained? Is it because they expect to be married? That it is not in the least because they can not,

we know; for we know that some of the most magnificently accurate work in the world has been done by women.

Now, you who are the girls of to-day, must find for yourselves, and teach us all a better way. Make up your minds to work hard and to work patiently. Don't expect to get the return of skilled labor for unskilled effort. Remember that, no matter what you intend to become, you can not avoid *apprenticeship*. Don't expect, if you bring your education to an end at eighteen, to become a teacher or a preacher, a lawyer or a physician, like your brother whose preparatory studies last till he is twenty-five. Don't think you can rush to the art-galleries, and sell your amateur water-colors in competition with artists who have given years and years of drudgery to the handling of their brushes and the culture of their inspirations. Don't expect *The Century Magazine* to print your stories till you have first thrown a great many poor manuscripts into the fire. If you wish to go into the book-seller's business, be content to begin by familiarizing yourself with the backs of libraries. If you aspire to be a railroad ticket agent (like a few bright women I have seen), learn your arithmetic lesson keenly, that you may make quick change for hurried people. Be content to begin humbly! Be careful to labor faithfully! Be patient to toil long!

One of the foremost of modern novelists was a woman—a woman whose patience was as immense

as her fame, and her fame is owing as much to her patience as to her genius. In her great story of *Daniel Deronda* George Eliot puts into the mouth of a musician addressing a young lady who has aspirations for the stage, these memorable, cutting words:

"You have been brought up in ease,—you have done what you would,—you have not said to yourself, 'I must know this exactly,' 'I must understand this exactly,' 'I must do this exactly.' In uttering these three terrible *musts*, Klesmer lifted up three long fingers in succession. 'It seems you have not been called upon to be anything but a charming young lady whom it is an impoliteness to find fault with. * * * You would find, after your education in doing things slackly, * * * great difficulties in study. You would be subjected to tests: people would no longer feign not to see your blunder. You would at first be accepted only on trial. * * * Any success must be won by the utmost patience. You would have to keep your place in a crowd; and after all, it is likely you would lose it and get out of sight. If you determine to face these hardships and still try, you will have the dignity of a high purpose. * * * You will have some merit, though you may win no prize.'"

But now I have told you to work, and work thoroughly. I have n't helped you in the least to know what to do, or how to do it?

Why no, my dear girls, I suppose I have n't. That would take as long as the negro wanted to take for his sermon. Perhaps some other time, if you care to hear me, I will talk to you further about these things. Only believe me to be right in this: When once your mind is firmly and hopefully made up to work, the what and the how will follow fast enough.



THE PHILOPENA.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.



THE ABSOLUTE FOOL AND THE LION. (SEE PAGE 524.)

THERE were once a Prince and a Princess who, when quite young, ate a philopena together. They agreed that the one who, after sunrise the next day, should accept anything from the other—the giver at the same time saying “Philopena!”—should be the loser, and that the loser should marry the other.

They did not meet the next day; and at the time our story begins, many years had elapsed, and the Prince and the Princess were nearly grown up. They often thought of the philopena they had eaten together, and wondered if they should know each other when they met. He remembered her as a pretty little girl dressed in green silk and playing with a snow-white cat; while she remembered him as a handsome boy, wearing a little sword, the handle of which was covered with jewels. But both must have changed a great deal in all this time.

Neither of these young people had any parents; the Prince lived with guardians and the Princess with uncles.

The guardians of the Prince were very enterprising and energetic men, and were allowed to govern the country until the Prince came of age. The capital city was a very fine city when the old king died; but the guardians thought it might be much finer, so they set to work with all their might

and main to improve it. They tore down old houses and made ever so many new streets; they built grand and splendid bridges over the river on which the city stood; they constructed aqueducts to bring water from streams ever so many miles away; and they were at work all the time upon some great building enterprise.

The Prince did not seem to take much interest in the works which were going on under direction of his guardians; and when he rode out, he preferred to go into the country or to ride through some of the quaint old streets, where nothing had been changed for hundreds of years.

The uncles of the Princess were very different people from the guardians of the Prince. There were three of them, and they were very quiet and cozy old men, who disliked any kind of bustle or disturbance, and wished that everything might remain as they had always known it. It even worried them a little to find that the Princess was growing up. They would have much preferred that she should remain exactly as she was when they first took charge of her. Then they never would have been obliged to worry their minds about any changes in the way of taking care of her. But they did not worry their minds very much, after all. They wished to make her guardianship as little laborious or exhausting as possible, and

so, divided the work; one of them took charge of her education, another of her food and lodging, and the third of her dress. The first sent for teachers, and told them to teach her; the second had handsome apartments prepared for her use, and gave orders that she should have everything she needed to eat and drink; while the third commanded that she should have a complete outfit of new clothes four times a year. Thus everything went on very quietly and smoothly; and the three uncles were not obliged to exhaust themselves by hard work. There were never any new houses built, and if anything had to be repaired, it was done with as little noise and dirt as possible. The city and the whole kingdom were quiet and serene, and the three uncles dozed away most of the day in three great comfortable thrones.

Everybody seemed satisfied with this state of things except the Princess. She often thought to herself that nothing would be more delightful than a little noise and motion, and she wondered if the whole world were as quiet as the city in which she lived. At last, she became unable to bear the dreadful stillness of the place any longer; but she could think of nothing to do but to go and try to find the Prince with whom she had eaten a philopena. If she should win, he must marry her; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where things would be bright and lively. So, early one morning, she put on her white dress, and mounting her prancing black horse, she rode away from the city. Only one person saw her go, for nearly all the people were asleep.

About this time, the Prince made up his mind that he could no longer stand the din and confusion, the everlasting up-setting and setting-up in his native city. He would go away, and see if he could find the Princess with whom he had eaten a philopena. If he should win, she would be obliged to marry him; and then, perhaps, they could settle down in some place where it was quiet and peaceful. So, on the same morning in which the Princess rode away, he put on a handsome suit of black clothes, and mounting a gentle white horse, he rode out of the city. Only one person saw him go; for, even at that early hour, the people were so busy that little attention was paid to his movements.

About half-way between these two cities, in a tall tower which stood upon a hill, there lived an Inquisitive Dwarf, whose whole object in life was to find out what people were doing and why they did it. From the top of this tower he generally managed to see all that was going on in the surrounding country; and in each of the two cities

that have been mentioned he had an agent, whose duty it was to send him word, by means of carrier pigeons, whenever a new thing happened. Before breakfast, on the morning when the Prince and Princess rode away, a pigeon from the city of the Prince came flying to the tower of the Inquisitive Dwarf.

"Some new building started, I suppose," said the Dwarf, as he took the paper from the pigeon. "But no; it is very different! 'The Prince has ridden away from the city alone, and is traveling to the north.'"

But before he could begin to puzzle his brains about the meaning of this departure, another pigeon came flying in from the city of the Princess.

"Well!" cried the Dwarf, "this is amazing! It is a long time since I have had a message from that city, and my agent has been drawing his salary without doing any work. What possibly can have happened there?"

When he read that the Princess had ridden alone from the city that morning, and was traveling to the south, he was truly amazed.

"What on earth can it mean?" he exclaimed. "If the city of the Prince were to the south of that of the Princess, then I might understand it; for they would be going to see each other, and that would be natural enough. But as his city is to the north of her city, they are traveling in opposite directions. And what is the meaning of this? I must most certainly find out."



THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS EAT A PHILOPENA.

The Inquisitive Dwarf had three servants whom he employed to attend to his most important business. These were a Gorgoness, a Water Sprite, and an Absolute Fool. This last one was very valuable; for there were some things he would do which no one else would think of attempting. The Dwarf called to him the Gorgoness, the oldest and most discreet of the three, and told her of the departure of the Princess.

"Hasten southward," he said, "as fast as you

can, and follow her, and do not return to me until you have found out why she left her city, where she is going, and what she expects to do when she gets there. Your appearance may frighten her; and, therefore, you must take with you the Absolute Fool, to whom she will probably be willing to talk; but you must see that everything is managed properly."

Having dispatched these two, the Inquisitive Dwarf then called the Water Sprite, who was singing to herself at the edge of a fountain, and telling her of the departure of the Prince, ordered her to follow him, and not to return until she had found out why he left his city, where he was going, and what he intended to do when he got there.

"The road to the north," he said, "lies along the river bank; therefore, you can easily keep him company."

The Water Sprite bowed, and dancing over the dewy grass to the river, threw herself into it. Sometimes she swam beneath the clear water; sometimes she rose partly in the air, where she seemed like a little cloud of sparkling mist borne onward by the wind; and sometimes she floated upon the surface, her pale blue robes undulating with the gentle waves, while her white hands and feet shone in the sun like tiny crests of foam. Thus, singing to herself, she went joyously and rapidly on, aided by a full, strong wind from the south. She did not forget to glance every now and then upon the road which ran along the river bank; and, in the course of the morning, she perceived the Prince. He was sitting in the shade of a tree near the water's edge, while his gentle white horse was grazing near by.

The Water Sprite came very gently out of the river, and seating herself upon the edge of a grassy bank, she spoke to him. The Prince looked up in astonishment, but there was nothing in her appearance to frighten him.

"I came," said the Water Sprite, "at the command of my master, to ask you why you left your city, where you are going, and what you intend to do when you get there."

The Prince then told her why he had left his city, and what he intended to do when he had found the Princess.

"But where I am going," he said, "I do not know, myself. I must travel and travel until I succeed in the object of my search."

The Water Sprite reflected for a moment, and then she said:

"If I were you, I would not travel to the north. It is cold and dreary there, and your Princess would not dwell in such a region. A little above us, on the other side of this river, there is a stream which runs sometimes to the east and sometimes

to the south, and which leads to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. This is the most beautiful country in the world, and you will be much more likely to find your Princess there than among the desolate mountains of the north."

"I dare say you are right," said the Prince; "and I will go there, if you will show me the way."

"The road runs along the bank of the river," said the Water Sprite; "and we shall soon reach the Land of the Lovely Lakes."

The Prince then mounted his horse, forded the river, and was soon riding along the bank of the stream, while the Water Sprite gayly floated upon its dancing ripples.

When the Gorgoness started southward, in pursuit of the Princess, she kept out of sight among the bushes by the roadside; but sped swiftly along. The Absolute Fool, however, mounted upon a good horse, rode boldly on the road. He was a good-looking youth, with rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a handsome figure. As he cantered gayly along, he felt himself capable of every noble action which the human mind has ever conceived. The Gorgoness kept near him, and in the course of the morning they overtook the Princess, who was allowing her horse to walk in the shade by the roadside. The Absolute Fool dashed up to her, and, taking off his hat, asked her why she had left her city, where she was going, and what she intended to do when she got there.

The Princess looked at him in surprise. "I left my city because I wanted to," she said. "I am going about my business, and when I get to the proper place, I will attend to it."

"Oh, said the Absolute Fool, "you refuse me your confidence, do you? But allow me to remark that I have a Gorgoness with me who is very frightful to look at, and whom it was my intention to keep in the bushes; but if you will not give fair answers to my questions, she must come out and talk to you, and that is all there is about it."

"If there is a Gorgoness in the bushes," said the Princess, "let her come out. No matter how frightful she is, I would rather she should come where I can see her, than to have her hiding near me."

The Gorgoness, who had heard these words, now came out into the road. The horse of the Princess reared in affright, but his young rider patted him on the neck, and quieted his fears.

"What do you and this young man want?" said the Princess to the Gorgoness, "and why do you question me?"

"It is not of our own will that we do it," said the Gorgoness, very respectfully; "but our master,

the Inquisitive Dwarf, has sent us to obtain information about the points on which the young man questioned you; and until we have found out these things, it is impossible for us to return."

"I am opposed to answering impertinent questions," replied the Princess; "but in order to rid myself of you, I will tell you the reason of my

report to you to-morrow morning. And if you should need help, or escort, he will aid and obey you as your servant. As for me, unless we find the Prince, I shall continue searching for him. There is a prince in the city to the north of my master's tower, and it is not unlikely that it is he whom you seek."



THE WATER SPRITE DIRECTS THE PRINCE TO THE LAND OF THE LOVELY LAKES.

journey." And she then stated briefly the facts of the case.

"Ah, me!" said the Gorgoiness; "I am very sorry; but you can not tell us where you are going, and we can not return until we know that. But you need not desire to be rid of us, for it may be that we can assist you in the object of your journey. This young man is sometimes very useful, and I shall be glad to do anything that I can to help you. If you should think that I would injure you, or willingly annoy you by my presence, it would grieve me to the heart." And as she spoke, a tear bedimmed her eye.

The Princess was touched by the emotion of the Gorgoiness.

"You may accompany me," she said, "and I will trust you both. You must know this country better than I do. Have you any advice to give me in regard to my journey?"

"One thing I would strongly advise," said the Gorgoiness, "and that is, that you do not travel any further until we know in what direction it will be best to go. There is an inn close by, kept by a worthy woman. If you will stop there until to-morrow, this young man and I will scour the country 'round about, and try to find some news of your Prince. The young man will return and

"You can find out if it is he," answered the Princess, "by asking about the philopena."

"That will I do," said the Gorgoiness, "and I will return hither as speedily as possible." And, with a respectful salutation, the Gorgoiness and the Absolute Fool departed by different ways.

The Princess then repaired to the inn, where she took lodgings.

The next morning, the Absolute Fool came back to the inn, and seeing the Princess, said: "I rode until long after night-fall, searching for the Prince, before it occurred to me that, even if I should find him, I would not know him in the dark. As soon as I thought of that, I rode straight to the nearest house, and slept till daybreak, when I remembered that I was to report to you this morning. But as I have heard no news of the Prince, and as this is a beautiful, clear day, I think it would be extremely foolish to remain idly here, where there is nothing of interest going on, and when a single hour's delay may cause you to miss the object of your search. The Prince may be in one place this morning, and there is no knowing where he will be in the afternoon. While the Gorgoiness is searching, we should search also. We can return before sunset, and we will leave word here as to the direction we have taken, so that when she

returns, she can quickly overtake us. It is my opinion that not a moment should be lost. I will be your guide. I know this country well."

The Princess thought this sounded like good reasoning, and consented to set out. There were some beautiful mountains to the south-east; and among these, the Absolute Fool declared, a prince of good taste would be very apt to dwell. They, therefore, took this direction. But when they had traveled an hour or more, the mountains began to look bare and bleak, and the Absolute Fool declared that he did not believe any prince would live there. He therefore advised that they turn into a road that led to the north-east. It was a good road; and therefore he thought it led to a good place, where a person of good sense would be likely to reside. Along this road they therefore traveled. They had ridden but a few miles when they met three men, well armed and mounted. These men drew up their horses, and respectfully saluted the Princess.

"High-born Lady," they said, "for by your aspect we know you to be such, we would inform you that we are the soldiers of the King, the outskirts of whose dominions you have reached. It is our duty to question all travelers, and, if their object in coming to our country is a good one, to give them whatever assistance and information they may require. Will you tell us why you come?"

"Impertinent vassals!" cried the Absolute Fool, riding up in a great passion. "How dare you interfere with a princess who has left her city because it was so dull and stupid, and is endeavoring to find a prince, with whom she has eaten a philopena, in order that she may marry him. Out of my way, or I will draw my sword and cleave you to the earth, and thus punish your unwarrantable curiosity!"

The soldiers could not repress a smile.

"In order to prevent mischief," they said to the Absolute Fool, "we shall be obliged to take you into custody."

This they immediately did, and then requested the Princess to accompany them to the palace of their King, where she would receive hospitality and aid.

The King welcomed the Princess with great cordiality. He had no prince of his own, and he was very sorry that he had not; for, in that case, he would hope that he might be the person for whom she was looking. But there was a prince, who lived in a city to the north, who was probably the very man; and he would send and make inquiries. In the meantime, the Princess would be entertained by himself and his Queen; and, if her servant would make a suitable apology, his

violent language would be pardoned. But the Absolute Fool positively refused to do this.

"I never apologize," he cried. "No man of spirit would do such a thing. What I say, I stand by."

"Very well," said the King; "then you shall fight a wild beast." And he gave orders that the affair should be arranged for the following day.

In a short time, however, some of his officers came to him and told him that there were no wild beasts; those on hand having been kept so long that they had become tame.

"To be sure, there's the old lion, Sardon," they said; "but he is so dreadfully cross and has had so much experience in these fights, that for a long time it has not been considered fair to allow any one to enter the ring with him."

"It is a pity," said the King, "to make the young man fight a tame beast; but, under the circumstances, the best thing to do will be to represent the case to him, just as it is. Tell him we are sorry we have not an ordinary wild beast; but that he can take his choice between a tame one and the lion Sardon, whose disposition and experience you will explain to him."

When the matter was stated to the Absolute Fool, he refused with great scorn to fight a tame beast.

"I will not be degraded in the eyes of the public," he said; "I will take the old lion."

The next day, the court and the public assembled to see the fight; but the Queen and our Princess took a ride into the country, not wishing to witness a combat of this kind, especially one which was so unequal. The King ordered that every advantage should be given to the young man, in order that he might have every possible chance of success in fighting an animal which had been a victor on so many similar occasions. A large iron cage, furnished with a turnstile, into which the Absolute Fool could retire for rest and refreshment, but where the lion could not follow him, was placed in the middle of the arena, and the youth was furnished with all the weapons he desired. When all was ready, the Absolute Fool took his stand in the center of the arena, and the door of the lion's den was opened. When the great beast came out, he looked about for an instant, and then, with majestic step, advanced toward the young man. When he was within a few paces of him, he crouched for a spring.

The Absolute Fool had never seen so magnificent a creature, and he could not restrain his admiration. With folded arms and sparkling eyes, he gazed with delight upon the lion's massive head, his long and flowing mane, his magnificent muscles, and his powerful feet and legs.

There was an air of grandeur and strength about him which completely enraptured the youth. Approaching the lion, he knelt before him, and gazed with wondering ecstasy into his great, glowing eyes. "What glorious orbs!" he inwardly exclaimed. "What unfathomable expression! What possibilities! What reminiscences! And everywhere, what majesty of curve!"

peared; for he was as much delighted as any one at the victory of the young man.

"Noble youth," he exclaimed, "you are the bravest of the brave. You are the only man I know who is worthy of our royal daughter, and you shall marry her forthwith. Long since, I vowed that only with the bravest should she wed."

At this moment, the Queen and the Princess,



"THEY MET THREE MEN, WELL ARMED AND MOUNTED."

The lion was a good deal astonished at the conduct of the young man; and he soon began to suppose that this was not the person he was to fight, but probably a keeper, who was examining into his condition. After submitting to this scrutiny a few minutes, he gave a mighty yawn, which startled the spectators, but which delighted the Absolute Fool; for never before had he beheld such dazzling teeth, such immensity of expression. He knelt in silent delight at this exhibition of the beauty of strength.

Old Sardon soon became tired of all this, however, and he turned and walked back to his den. "When their man is ready," he thought to himself, "I will come out and fight him."

One tremendous shout now arose from the multitude. "The youth has conquered!" they cried. "He has actually frightened the lion back into his den!" Rushing into the arena, they raised the Absolute Fool upon their shoulders and carried him in triumph to the open square in front of the palace, that he might be rewarded for his bravery. Here the King, followed by his court, quickly ap-

returning from their ride, heard with joy the result of the combat; and riding up to the victor, the Queen declared that she would gladly join with her royal husband in giving their daughter to so brave a man.

The Absolute Fool stood for a moment in silent thought; then, addressing the King, he said:

"Was Your Majesty's father a king?"

"He was," was the answer.

"Was his father of royal blood?"

"No; he was not," replied the King. "My grandfather was a man of the people; but his pre-eminent virtue, his great ability as a statesman, and the dignity and nobility of his character made him the unanimous choice of the nation as its sovereign."

"I am sorry to hear that," said the Absolute Fool; "for it makes it necessary for me to decline the kind offer of your daughter in marriage. If I marry a princess at all, she must be one who can trace back her lineage through a long line of royal ancestors." And as he spoke, his breast swelled with manly pride.

For a moment, the King was dumb with rage. Then loudly he shouted: "Ho, guards! Annihilate him! Avenge this insult!"

At these words, the sword of every by-stander leaped from its scabbard; but, before any one could take a step forward, the Princess seized the Absolute Fool by his long and flowing locks, and put spurs to her horse. The young man yelled with pain, and shouted to her to let go; but she held firmly to his hair, and as he was extraordinarily active and fleet of foot, he kept pace with the galloping horse. A great crowd of people started in pursuit, but as none of them were mounted, they were soon left behind.

"Let go my hair! Let go my hair!" shouted the Absolute Fool, as he bounded along. "You don't know how it hurts. Let go! Let go!"

But the Princess never relinquished her hold until they were out of the King's domain.

"A little more," cried the indignant youth, when she let him go, "and you would have pulled out a handful of my hair."

"A little less," said the Princess, contemptuously, "and you would have been cut to pieces; for you have not sense enough to take care of yourself. I am sorry I listened to you, and left the inn to which the Gorgoness took me. It would have been far better to have waited there for her as she told me to do."

"Yes," said the Absolute Fool; "it would have been much better."

"Now," said the Princess, "we will go back there, and see if she has returned."

"If we can find it," said the other, "which I very much doubt."

There were several roads at this point and, of course, they took the wrong one. As they went on, the Absolute Fool complained bitterly that he had left his horse behind him, and was obliged to walk. Sometimes he stopped, and said he would go back after it; but this the Princess sternly forbade.

When the Gorgoness reached the city of the Prince, it was night; but she was not sorry for this. She did not like to show herself much in the daytime, because so many people were frightened by her. After a good deal of trouble, she discovered that the Prince had certainly left the city, although his guardians did not seem to be aware of it. They were so busy with a new palace, in part of which they were living, that they could not be expected to keep a constant eye upon him. In the morning, she met an old man who knew her, and was not afraid of her, and who told her that the day before, when he was up the river, he had seen the Prince on his white horse, riding on the bank of the

stream; and that near him, in the water, was something which now looked like a woman, and again like a puff of mist. The Gorgoness reflected.

"If the Prince has gone off in that way," she said to herself, "I believe that he is the very one whom the Princess is looking for, and that he has set out in search of her; and that creature in the water must be our Water Sprite, whom our master has probably sent out to discover where the Prince is going. If he had told me about this, it would have saved much trouble. From the direction in which they were going, I feel sure that the Water Sprite was taking the Prince to the Land of the Lovely Lakes. She never fails to go there, if she can possibly get an excuse. I'll follow them. I suppose the Princess will be tired, waiting at the inn; but I must know where the Prince is, and if he is really her Prince, before I go back to her."

When the Gorgoness reached the Land of the Lovely Lakes, she wandered all that day and the next night; but she saw nothing of those for whom she was looking.

The Princess and the Absolute Fool journeyed on until near the close of the afternoon, when the sky began to be overcast, and it looked like rain. They were then not far from a large piece of water; and at a little distance, they saw a ship moored near the shore.

"I shall seek shelter on board that ship," said the Princess.

"It is going to storm," remarked the Absolute Fool. "I should prefer to be on dry land."

"As the land is not likely to be very dry when it rains," said the Princess, "I prefer a shelter, even if it is upon wet water."

"Women will always have their own way," muttered the Absolute Fool.

The ship belonged to a crew of Amazon sailors, who gave the Princess a hearty welcome.

"You may go on board if you choose," said the Absolute Fool to the Princess, "but I shall not risk my life in a ship manned by women."

"You are quite right," said the Captain of the Amazons, who had heard this remark; "for you would not be allowed to come on board if you wanted to. But we will give you a tent to protect you and the horse in case it should rain, and will send you something to eat."

While the Princess was taking tea with the Amazon Captain, she told her about the Prince, and how she was trying to find him.

"Good!" cried the Captain. "I will join in the search, and take you in my ship. Some of my crew told me that yesterday they saw a young man, who looked like a prince, riding along the shore of the lake which adjoins the one we are on. In

the morning we will sail after him. We shall keep near the shore, and your servant can mount your horse and ride along the edge of the lake. From what I know of the speed of this vessel, I think he can easily keep up with us."

Early in the morning, the Amazon Captain called her crew together. "Hurrah, my brave girls!" she said. "We have an object. I never sail without an object, and it delights me to get one. The purpose of our present cruise is to find the Prince of whom this Princess is in search; and we must spare no pains to bring him to her, dead or alive."

Luckily for her peace of mind, the Princess did not hear this speech. The day was a fine one, and before long the sun became very hot. The ship was sailing quite near the land, when the Absolute Fool rode down to the water's edge, and called out that he had something very important to communicate to the Princess. As he was not allowed to come on board, she was obliged to go on shore, to which she was rowed in a small boat.

"I have been thinking," said the Absolute Fool, "that it is perfectly ridiculous, and very uncomfortable, to continue this search any longer. I would go back, but my master would not suffer me to return without knowing where you are going. I have, therefore, a plan to propose. Give up your useless search for this Prince, who is probably not nearly so handsome and intellectual as I am, and marry me. We will then return, and I will assume the reins of government in your domain."

"Follow the vessel," said the Princess, "as you have been doing; for I wish some one to take care of my horse." And without another word, she returned to the ship.

"I should like to sail as far as possible from shore the rest of the trip," said she to the Captain.

"Put the helm bias!" shouted the Amazon Captain to the steers-woman; "and keep him well out from land."

When they had sailed through a small stream into the lake adjoining, the look-out, who was swinging in a hammock hung between the tops of the two masts, sang out, "Prince ahead!" Instantly all was activity on board the vessel. Story books were tucked under coils of rope, hem-stitching and embroidery were laid aside, and every woman was at her post.

"The Princess is taking a nap," said the Captain, "and we will not awaken her. It will be so nice to surprise her by bringing the Prince to her. We will run our vessel ashore, and then steal quietly upon him. But do not let him get away. Cut him down, if he resists!"

The Prince, who was plainly visible only a short distance ahead, was, so pleasantly employed that he had not noticed the approach of the ship. He

was sitting upon a low, moss-covered rock, close to the water's edge; and with a small hand net, which he had found on the shore, he was scooping the most beautiful fishes from the lake, holding them up in the sunlight to admire their brilliant colors and graceful forms, and then returning them uninjured to the water. The Water Sprite was swimming near him, and calling to the fish to come up and be caught; for the gentle Prince would not hurt them. It was very delightful and rare sport, and it is not surprising that it entirely engrossed the attention of the Prince. The Amazons silently landed, and softly stole along the shore, a little back from the water. Then, at their Captain's command, they rushed upon the Prince.

It was just about this time that the Gorgoness, who had been searching for the Prince, caught her first sight of him. Perceiving, before he knew it himself, that he was about to be attacked, she rushed to his aid. The Amazon sailors reached him before she did, and seizing upon him they began to pull him away. The Prince resisted stoutly; but perceiving that his assailants were women, he would not draw his sword. The Amazon Captain and mate, who were armed with broad knives, now raised their weapons, and called upon the Prince to surrender or die. But at this moment, the Gorgoness reached the spot, and catching the Captain and mate, each by an arm, she dragged them back from the Prince. The other Amazons, however, continued the combat; and the Prince defended himself by pushing them into the shallow water, where the Water Sprite nearly stifled them by throwing over them showers of spray. And now came riding up the Absolute Fool. Seeing a youth engaged in combat with the Amazon sailors, his blood boiled with indignation.

"A man fighting women!" he exclaimed. "What a coward! My arm shall ever assist the weaker sex."

Jumping from the horse, he drew his sword, and rushed upon the Prince. The Gorgoness saw the danger of the latter, and she would have thrown herself between him and his new assailant, but she was afraid to loosen her hold of the Amazon Captain and mate. But a thought struck her just in time, and in a loud voice she called out:

"Caterpillar!"

"Where?" exclaimed the Absolute Fool, stopping short.

"On your neck," cried the Gorgoness.

With a look of horror on his features, the Absolute Fool dropped his sword and began to look for the caterpillar. The Prince had perceived the approach of the Absolute Fool; and now, having freed himself from the Amazons, he drew his sword,

feeling glad to have a man to fight; for although of so gentle a disposition, he was a brave fellow. But when he saw that the other had dropped his weapon, he would not wound him with his sword, but contented himself with pommeling him with the flat of the blade.

"Begone!" cried the Prince. "It is bad enough to be attacked by a crowd of women, but I will not allow myself to be assaulted without reason by a man."

"Stop that! Stop that!" cried the Absolute Fool, as he retreated before the Prince. "Wait till I find this caterpillar, and then I will show you what I can do."

By this time the two had nearly reached the place where the ship was moored, and the Princess, who had been awakened by the noise of the combat, appeared upon the deck of the vessel. The moment she saw the Prince, she felt convinced that he was certainly the one for whom she was looking. Fearing that the Absolute Fool, whom she knew to be very strong and active, might turn upon him and kill him, she sprang from the vessel to his assistance; but her foot caught in a rope, and, instead of reaching the shore, she fell into the water, which was here quite deep, and immediately sank out of sight. The Prince, who had noticed her just as she sprang, and who felt equally convinced that she was the one for whom he was searching, dropped his sword and rushed to the edge of the bank. Just as the Princess rose to the surface, he reached out his hand to her, and she took it.

"Philopena!" cried the Prince.

"You have won," said the Princess, gayly shaking the water from her curls, as he drew her ashore.

Within an hour, the Prince and Princess, after taking kind leave of the Gorgoness, and Water Sprite, and of the Amazon sailors, who cheered them loudly, rode away to the city of the Princess; while the three servants of the Inquisitive Dwarf returned to their master to report what had happened.

The Absolute Fool was in a very bad humor; for he was obliged to return on foot, having left his horse in the kingdom where he had so narrowly escaped being killed; and, besides this, he had had his hair pulled, and had been beaten, and the Princess had not treated him with proper respect. He felt himself deeply injured. When he reached home, he determined that he would

not remain in a position where his great abilities were so little appreciated. "I will do something," he said, "which shall prove to the world that I deserve to stand among the truly great. I will reform my fellow beings, and I will begin by reforming the Inquisitive Dwarf." Thereupon he went to his master, and said:

"Sir, it is foolish and absurd for you to be meddling thus with the affairs of your neighbors. Give up your inquisitive habits, and learn some useful business. While you are doing this, I will consent to manage your affairs."

The Inquisitive Dwarf turned to him, and said: "I have a great desire to know the exact appearance of the North Pole. Go and discover it for me."

The Absolute Fool departed on this mission, and has not yet returned.

When the Princess, with her Prince, reached her city, her uncles were very much amazed; for they had not known she had gone away. "If you are going to get married," they said, "we are very glad; for then you will not need our care, and we shall be free from the great responsibility which is bearing us down."

In a short time the wedding took place, and then the question arose in which city should the young couple dwell. The Princess decided it.

"In the winter," she said to the Prince, "we will live in your city, where all is life and activity; and where the houses are so well built with all the latest improvements. In the summer, we will come to my city, where everything is old, and shady, and serene." This they did, and were very happy.

The Gorgoness would have been glad to go and live with the Princess, for she had taken a great fancy to her; but she did not think it worth her while to ask permission to do this.

"My impulses, I know, are good," she said; "but my appearance is against me."

As for the Water Sprite, she was in a truly disconsolate mood, because she had left so soon the Land of the Lovely Lakes, where she had been so happy. The more she thought about it, the more she grieved; and one morning, unable to bear her sorrow longer, she sprang into the great jet of the fountain. High into the bright air the fountain threw her, scattering her into a thousand drops of glittering water; but not one drop fell back into the basin. The great, warm sun drew them up; and, in a little white cloud, they floated away across the bright blue sky.

WORDS INCLINED TO JINGLE.



ROSY SNOW.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

ROSY snow on the roofs in the morning;
 Drifts in the hollows, by wild winds curled;
 Bells on the beaten road chime away cheeringly—
 O the great white world!
 Brown little sparrows on twigs bare and red,
 You shall have crumbs both of cake and of bread—
 I will remember you, flitting unfearingly
 Out in the great white world!

Rosy snow on the orchard this morning!
 Faint-flushed blossoms with crisp edges curled;
 Soft-floating petals by blithe breezes flung to me—
 O the sweet white world!
 Young whistling robin with round ruddy breast,
 I'll never touch your blue eggs in the nest;
 I will remember the welcome you've sung to me
 Out in the sweet white world!



A PICNIC.

THE LAND OF FIRE.

A Tale of Adventure in Tierra del Fuego.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XX.

GONE BACK TO BARBARISM.

THE renewal of acquaintance, under circumstances so extraordinary as those detailed in the previous chapter, calls for explanation; for although the incident may appear strange, and even improbable, it is, nevertheless, quite reasonable. How it came about will be learned from the following relation of facts:

In the year 1838, the English Admiral Fitzroy, — then Captain Fitzroy, — while in command of H. M. S. "Beagle," engaged in the survey of Tierra del Fuego, had one of his boats stolen by the natives of Christmas Sound. Pursuing the thieves, he made capture of a number of their relatives, but unfortunately not of the actual culprits. For a time he held the captives as hostages, hoping by that means to effect the return of the boat. Disappointed in this, however, he at length released them all, except three, who voluntarily remained on board the "Beagle."

These were two young men and a little girl; and all of them were soon after baptized by the sailors. One of the men had the name "Boat Memory" bestowed upon him, because he had been taken at the place where the boat was stolen.

The other was christened "York Minster," after a remarkable mountain, bearing a fancied resemblance to the famed cathedral of York, near which he was captured. "Fuegia Basket," as the girl was called, was named from the wicker-work craft that the crew of the stolen boat had improvised to carry them back to their ship.

Later on, the commander of the "Beagle," while exploring the channel which now bears his ship's name, picked up another native of a different tribe. This was a young boy, who was bought of his own uncle for a button — his unnatural relative freely parting with him at the price! The transaction suggested the name given him, "Jemmy Button."

Returning soon after to England, Fitzroy, with truly philanthropic motives, took the four Fuegians along with him. His intentions were to have them educated and Christianized, and then restored to their native country, in hopes that they might do something toward civilizing it. In pursuance of this plan, three of the Fuegians were put to school; the fourth, "Boat Memory," having died soon after landing at Plymouth.

When Captain Fitzroy thought their training sufficiently advanced for his purpose, this humane officer, at his own expense, chartered a vessel to convey them back to Tierra del Fuego, intending

to accompany them himself; and he did this, although a poor man, and no longer commanding a ship in commission; the "Beagle," meanwhile, having been dismantled and laid up.

By good fortune, however, Captain Fitzroy was spared this part of the expense. The survey of Tierra del Fuego and adjacent coasts had not been completed, and another expedition was sent out by the British Admiralty, and the command of it entrusted to him. So, proceeding thither in his old ship, the "Beagle," once more in commission, he carried his Fuegian *protégés* along.

There went with him, also, a man then little known, but now of world-wide and universal fame, a young naturalist named Darwin—Charles Darwin—he who for the last quarter of a century, and till his death, has held highest rank among men of science, and has truly deserved the distinction.

"York Minster," "Jemmy Button," and "Fuegia Basket" (in their own country called respectively Eleparu, Orundelico, and Ocushlu) were the three odd-looking individuals that Ned and Henry had rescued from the wharf-rats of Portsmouth, as described at the beginning of our story; while the officer who appeared on the scene was Fitzroy himself, then on the way to Plymouth, where the "Beagle," fitted out and ready to put to sea, was awaiting him.

In due time, arriving in Tierra del Fuego, the three natives were left there, with every provision made for their future subsistence. They had all the means and appliances to assist them in carrying out Captain Fitzroy's humane scheme; carpentering tools, agricultural implements, and a supply of seeds, with which to make a beginning.*

Since then nearly four years have elapsed, and lo!—the result. Perhaps never were good intentions more thoroughly brought to naught, nor clearer proofs given of their frustration, than these that Henry Chester and Ned Gancy have now before their eyes. Though unacquainted with most of the above details, they see a man, but half-clothed, his hair in matted tangle, his skin besmeared with dirt and blubber; in everything and to all appearances as rude a savage as any Fuegian around him, who is yet the same man they had once seen wearing the garb and having the manners of civilization! They see a girl, too,—now woman-grown,—in whom the change, though less extreme, is still strikingly, sadly for the worse. In both, the transformation is so complete, so retrograde, so contrary to all experience, that they can scarcely

realize it. It is difficult to believe that any nature, however savage, after such pains has been taken to civilize it, could so return to itself! It seems a very perversity of backsliding!

But this is not a time for the two young men to inquire into the causes of the change, nor might that be a pleasant subject to those who have thus relapsed; so Ned and Henry refrain from appearing even to notice it. They are too overjoyed in knowing that they and their companions are no longer in danger to care greatly for anything else.

Of their safety they have full and instant assurance, by the behavior of Eleparu, who has taken in the situation at a glance. Apparently head of the community, with a shout and authoritative wave of the hand he sends off those who so lately had threatened to attack them. But all seem friendly enough, now that they see him so; and having, indeed, no reason to be otherwise. Hunger, chiefly, had made them hostile; and now they need not be hungry for a long time.

Accordingly, they at once set about appeasing their appetites with the grand store, which must provide them for days and even weeks. On this account, no indiscriminate grabbing is allowed; but Annaqua, with another of the old men, proceeds to serve out the blubber in equal rations,—first cutting it into strips, like strings of sausages; then measuring off different-sized pieces, according to the ages of the recipients.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the keen hunger of those seeking relief, not one of them touches a morsel till the partition is complete and each has his share. Then, as at a given signal, they fall to, after holding the blubber a second or two near the blaze of the fire.

During these unpleasant proceedings, mutual explanations are exchanged between Eleparu and the two young men of his former brief but memorable acquaintance. He first inquires how they come to be there; then tells his own story, or such part of it as he desires them to know. They learn from him that Ocushlu is now his wife; but when questioned about the boy, and what has become of him, he shows reserve, answering:

"Oh, 'Jemmy Button'—he not of our people; he Tekenika. English officer brought Jemmy back, too—left him at Woolya—that his own country—lie out that way;" and he points eastward along the arm.

Observing Eleparu's reticence whenever Orundelico (or "Jemmy Button") is mentioned, the questioners soon forbear asking further concerning

* A young missionary named Mathews, who had volunteered, was taken out and left with them. But Captain Fitzroy, revisiting Woolya—the intended mission station—a few days after, found Mathews threatened with death at the hands of those he had hoped to benefit. During the interval, the savages had kept the poor fellow in constant fear for his life, even "Jemmy Button" and "York" having been unable to protect him. Captain Fitzroy took him away, and he afterward engaged in missionary work among the Maories of New Zealand.

him, and other matters of more importance claim their attention.

Meanwhile, Ocushlu is engaged in conversation with Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. She is about the same age as the latter; but in other respects how different they are, and what a contrast they form! The poor Fuegian herself seems to realize it, and with sadness of heart. Who could interpret her thoughts when, after gazing at the beautiful white girl, clean-faced and becomingly attired, her glance is turned to her own unsightly self? Perhaps she may be thinking of the time when, a school-girl at Walthamstow, she, too, wore a pretty dress; and perchance she bitterly regrets having returned to her native land and barbarism! Certainly, the expression on her countenance seems a commingling of sadness and shame.

But whatever, at the moment, may be her reflections or feelings, ingratitude is not among them. Having learned that Leoline is the sister of one of the youths who so gallantly espoused the cause of her companions and herself in a far-off foreign land, she hastens to one of the boats, and, returning, hands to the white girl a string of the much-prized violet shells.

"For what your brudder did at Portsmouth."

The graceful act is reciprocated, and with interest, both mother and daughter presenting her with such articles of apparel as they can spare, among them the scarf they so nearly had to part with in a less satisfactory way.

Equally grateful proves Eleparu. Seeing the unfinished boat, and comprehending the design, he lends himself earnestly to assist in its completion, and no slight helper does he prove; as, during the many months passed on board the "Beagle," he had picked up some knowledge of ship-carpentry. So the task of boat-building is resumed, this time to be carried on to final success. And with such expedition does it progress, that in less than a week thereafter, the craft is ready for launching; and on the next day it is run off into the shallow water, a score of the Fuegian men lending helping hands.

On the following morning, with the party of castaways and all their belongings on board, it is shoved off the shoal, and moves away amidst a pæan of friendly shouts from the savages. Eleparu, like a toast-master, leads the chorus; and Ocushlu waves the red scarf high over her head.

CHAPTER XXI.

"BOAT AHoy!"

THE new boat behaves handsomely, even excelling in speed the lost gig, the oars and sailing-

gear of which, luckily saved, have fitted it out completely. Under canvas, with a fair wind, it easily makes ten knots an hour; and, as the wind lasts for the remainder of the day, Captain Gancy and his little party are carried into the Beagle Channel without need of touching an oar.

At sunset, they are opposite Devil Island, at the junction of the south-west and north-west arms of the channel; and as the night threatens to be dark, with a fog already over the water, they deem it prudent to put in to the isle, despite its uncanny appellation.

Landing, they are surprised to see a square-built hut of large size, quite different from anything of Fuegian construction, and evidently the work of white men.

"I reckon the crew o' some sealin' vessel hev put it up," says Seagriff, adding, however: "Yet I can't understan' why they should 'a' stopped hyar, still less built a shanty, seein' it's not much of a place for seal. I guess they must hev got wrecked somewhere near, an' were castaways, like ourselves."

About the builders of the hut, he has surmised wrongly. They were *not* sealers, nor had they been wrecked; but were a boat's party of real sailors—man-of-war's men from the very ship which gave the channel its name, and at the date of its discovery.

The island did not deserve the harsh name bestowed upon it, and which originated from the incident of a screech-owl having perched above the head of one of the "Beagle's" sailors who slept under a tree outside the hut, and having so frightened the superstitious tar with its lugubrious "who-wo-woah!" that he believed himself hailed by one of the evil spirits which the savages believe to inhabit the solitudes of weird Fireland.

"Well," says Captain Gancy, after an inspection of the untenanted building, "it'll serve us a turn, whoever may have built it. The roof appears to be all tight and sound, so we need n't be at the bother of turning the boat-sail into a tent this time."

A fire is kindled inside the hut, and all gather around it, the night being chilly cold. Nor are they afraid of the blaze betraying them here, as the fog will prevent its being seen from any distance. Besides, they are in every way more confident than hitherto. They have passed beyond the country of the Ailikolips with their lives miraculously preserved; and everything now looks well for getting to Good Success Bay—the haven of safety they are seeking. From Devil Island it is not over two hundred miles distant; and, with winds and tides favoring, they should reach it in three days, or less.

Still, there is cause for anxiety and apprehension, as the old sealer, Seagriff, is well aware.

"We 're not out o' the woods yet," he says, employing a familiar backwoods expression often heard by him in boyhood, adding, in like figurative phrase, "we still hev to run the gauntlit o' the Tekeneekers."

"But surely we have nothing to fear from them?" exclaims Ned Gancy; and Henry Chester adds, with a questioning look:

"No, surely not."

"Why hev n't we?" demands Seagriff.

"Because," answers Chester, "they are Jemmy Button's people; and I'd be loath to believe him ungrateful, after our experience with his old companions, and from what I remember of him. What do you think, Ned?"

"I agree with you entirely," replied the younger Gancy.

"Well, young masters, that may all be so, an' I'd be only too pleased to hope it 'll turn out so. But agensit it, thar's a contrary sarcumstance, in there bein' two sorts o' Tekeneekers; one harmless and rather friendly disposed toward white people, an' th' other bein' just the reverse,—most as bad as the Ailikoleeps. The bad uns are called Yapoos, an' hev thar ground east'ard along the channel beyond, whar a passage leads out, known as the Murray Narrer. Therfur, it 'll all depend on which o' the two lots Mister Button belongs to."

"If he is *not* of the Yapoos, what then?" questions the skipper.

"Well, knowin' that, an' we 'll know it afore comin' to the Yapoo country, it bein' beyond the other, then our best way 'll be to make southard through the Murray Narrer. That 'd take us out to the open sea agen, with a big 'round-about o' coastin'; still, in the end, it might be the safer way. Along the outside shore, there's not so much likelihood o' meetin' Feweeegins of any kind; and ef we did meet 'em, 't would be easier gettin' out o' their way, so long ez we're in a boat sech ez we hev now."

The last observation contains a touch of professional pride; the old ship's carpenter having, of course, been chief constructor of the craft that is so admirably answering all their needs.

"Well, then," says the Captain, after reflection, "I suppose we 'll have to be guided by circumstances. And from what has passed, we ought to feel confident that they 'll still turn up in our favor."

This remark, showing his continued trust in the shielding power of an Omnipotent Hand, closes the conversation; and all soon after retire to rest, with a feeling of security that has been long denied them until now. For, although lately under the

protection of Eleparu, they had never felt full confidence; doubting, not his fidelity, but his power to protect them. For the authority of a Fuegian chief—if such there be—is slight at the best, and is made naught of on many occasions. Besides, they could not forget that one fearful moment of horror, to be remembered throughout life, when the savages had almost begun their attack upon them.

Having passed the night in peaceful slumber, they take their places in the boat as soon as there is light enough to steer by. There is still a fog, though not so dense as to deter them from reëmbarking, while, as on the day before, the wind is with them. With sail filled by the swelling breeze, they make rapid way, and by noon are far along the Beagle Channel, approaching the place where the Murray Narrow leads out of it, trending southward. But now they see what may prove an interruption to their onward course. Through the fog, which has become much less dense, a number of dark objects are visible, mottling the surface of the water. That they are canoes can be told by the columns of smoke rising over each, as though they were steam-launches. They are not moving, however, and are either lying to or riding at anchor. None are empty; each has a full crew.

As the canoes are out in the middle of the channel, and right ahead, to pass them unobserved is impossible. There is no help for it but to risk an encounter, whatever may result; so the boat is kept on its course, with canvas full spread, to take the chances.

While yet afar off, Captain Gancy, through his glass, is able to announce certain facts, which favor confidence. The people in the canoes are of both sexes, and engaged in a peaceful occupation,—they are fishing.

But the time for observation is brief. The boat, forging rapidly onward, is soon sighted by the canoemen, who, starting to their feet, commence a chorus of shouts, which come pealing over the water, making echoes along both shores. And something is seen now which gives the boat's people a thrill of fear. Above one of the canoes suddenly appears a white disc, seemingly a small flag,—not stationary, but waved and brandished above the head of the man who has hoisted it.

At sight of the dreaded color, white,—the Fuegian symbol of war,—well may the boat-voyagers feel anxious; for, from their former experience, they are confident that this display must be intended as a warlike challenge.

But to their instant relief, they soon learn that it is meant as a signal of peace, as words of friendly salutation reach their ears. The man who is waving the signal shouts:

"Boat ahoy! Down your sail—bring to! Me 'Jemmy Button.' We Tekeneekas—friends white people—brothers!"

Hailed in such fashion, their delight far exceeds their surprise, for 'Jemmy Button' it surely is; Henry Chester and Ned Gancy both recognize him. It is on his side that amazement is greatest when he recognizes them, which he does when his native name, Orundelico, is called out to him.

He waits not for the boat to come up, but, plunging into the water, swims to meet it. Then clambering over the rail, he flings his arms wide open,—to close, first around the young Englishman, and then around the young American, in a friendly hug.

CHAPTER XXII.

TEKENIKA HOSPITALITY.

ONCE more are the castaways in a land-locked cove begirt by high, wooded hills, with their boat moored at its inner end, as before. It is a larger embayment than that where the gig came to grief, though not much wider at the mouth. And there is little resemblance between the two landing-places, since, at the present one, the boat is not the only craft. Ten or more of Fuegian canoes lie alongside her; while on a broad, grassy flat, above water-mark, stands a like number of wigwams, their smoke-blackened thatches in strong contrast with the white, weather-bleached boat-sail, which is again serving as a tent. The wigwams are of Tekenika construction, differing, as already said, from those of the Ailikelips, in being acutely cone-shaped, and in having their floors sunk several feet below the surface of the ground. Their ribs, moreover, are stout tree-trunks, instead of slender saplings, while the thatches are partly of rushes and partly of broad strips of bark.

Such are the dwellings of Orundelico's people; though only for a part of the year, while they engage in a certain fishery of periodical occurrence. On an island, down the Murray Narrow, they have a larger "wigwamery" of more permanent residences; and there the very old and young of the community now are; only the able-bodied being at the fishing station.

When they were with the Ailikelips, the castaways believed themselves among the lowest and most degraded beings in the human scale. But they have now changed their minds, a short acquaintance with the Tekenikas having revealed to them a type of man still lower, and a state of

existence yet more wretched, if that be possible. Indeed, nothing can come much nearer to the "missing link" than the natives of central Tierra del Fuego. Though of less malevolent disposition than those who inhabit the outside coasts, they are also less intelligent and less courageous, while equally the victims of abject misery.

Alas! "Jemmy Button" is no longer "Jemmy Button," but again the savage Orundelico; he, too, having gone back to barbarism! His scanty dress, his long, unkempt hair, and the wild animal-like expression of his features—all attest his relapse into a condition of savagery, total and complete. Not a vestige of civilized man remains with him to show that he has ever been a mile from the Murray Narrow.

But stay! I am wronging him—twice wronging him. He has not entirely forgotten the foreign tongue taught him on board the "Beagle" and during a year's residence in England; while something he remembers also—something better—the kindness there shown him and the gratitude owing for it.

He is paying the debt of honor as best he can, and on this account Captain Gancy has consented to make a brief stop at the fishing station. There are also two other distinct reasons for his doing so. Before proceeding further, he wishes to obtain more information about the Yapoos; and he needs a fresh supply of provisions—that furnished by Eleparu having been neither abundant nor palatable.

Orundelico can do better for them, even to providing fresh meat, a thing they have not tasted for a long time. They are now in a region where roams the guanaco;* and the Tekenikas are hunters as well as fishermen. A party has been sent inland to procure one or more of these animals, and the boat-voyagers are awaiting its return before continuing their interrupted voyage.

Meanwhile, the hospitality shown them by "Jemmy Button" is as generous as his limited means will allow. To make their time pass agreeably, he entertains them with accounts of many odd manners and customs, and also of such strange phenomena of nature as are peculiar to his country. The Tekenikas, he assures them, are a peaceful people, never going to war when they can avoid it. Sometimes, however, they are forced into it by certain neighboring tribes that make maraud upon them. The Ailikelips are enemies of theirs; but a wide belt of neutral territory between the two prevents frequent encounters. They more often have

* The guanaco, by some supposed to be the llama in its wild state, is found on the eastern side of Tierra del Fuego. Its range extends to the furthest southern point by the Straits of Le Maire; and, strange to say, it is there of a much larger size than on the plains of Patagonia.

quarrels with the Yapoos living to the eastward, though these are tribally related to them. But their most dreaded foes are the Oensmen, whose country lies north of the channel, beyond the range of high mountains that borders it. The Oensmen he describes as giants, armed with a terrible weapon, "the bolas."* But, being exclusively hunters, they have no canoes; and when on a raid to the southern side of the channel, they levy on the craft of the Yapoos, forcing the owners to ferry them across.

Orundelico's own people can fight, too, and bravely, according to his account; but only do so in defense of their homes and at the last extremity. They are not even possessed of warlike weapons—neither the deadly club nor the flint-bladed dagger—their spears, bows, and slings being used only as implements for fishing and the chase.

Besides the *harmaur* (guanaco), they hunt the *hiappo* (sea-otter) and the coy-pou, or South American beaver,† which is also found in Tierra del Fuego. The chase of the otter takes place out in the open water, where the amphibious animal is surrounded by the well-trained dogs, in a wide circle; they then close in upon it, diving whenever it goes under, to prevent its escape through the enfiling ring.

Of the Tekenika mode of fishing he treats them to an actual exhibition. No hooks are used; the bait, a lump of seal-flesh, being simply attached to a hair line. The fish, seizing it, is gently drawn to the surface, then dextrously caught by the left hand and secured, before it can clear its teeth from the tough, fibrous bait. The rods used in this primitive style of angling are of the rudest kind,—mere sticks, no longer than the handle of a coach-whip.

In hunting the *harmaur*, or, as they also call it, *wanakaye* (evidently a corruption of "guanaco"), one of their modes is to lie in wait for it on the limb of a tree which projects over the path taken by these animals, the habit of which is to follow one another in single file, and along old, frequented tracks. Above these, among the branches, the Tekenika hunter builds a sort of thatched staging or nest. Seating himself on this, he awaits the coming of the unsuspecting creature; and,

when it is underneath, plunges his spear down between its ribs; the blade of the spear being a bone taken from some former victim of its own species!

Orundelico also shows them the Fuegian mode of fire-kindling, the first sparks being obtained from the *cathow*, or fire-stone,‡ two pieces of which every Fuegian carries about him, as an habitual smoker does his flint and steel or box of matches. The inflammable material used by the natives is of three sorts: the soft down of certain birds, a moss of fine fiber, and a species of dry fungus found attached to the under side of half-rotten trees. The *cathows*, rasped against each other like flints, emit sparks which ignite the tinder, which soon bursts into a generous flame.



"HARRY CHESTER SPRINGING FORWARD, CUT THE CORD."
(SEE PAGE 538.)

From Orundelico his guests come to know more of those matters about which his former associate, Eleparu, was so reticent, and as they now learn, with good reason.

"'York' bad fella," he answers, on being ques-

* Jemmy Button's "Oensmen" are the *Yacama-cunnces*, kindred of the Patagonians, who at some distant time have crossed the Magellan Strait and now rove over the large tract to which Narborough gave the name of "King Charles's South Land." They are a hunting tribe, the guanaco being the chief object of their pursuit and source of subsistence.

† *Myopotamus coypus*. It is found in many South American rivers, and, less frequently, in Fuegian waters. In habits and otherwise the coy-pou is much like the beaver, but is a smaller animal and has a rounder tail.

‡ It is found on several of the mountainous islands of western Tierra del Fuego, and is much prized by the natives for the purpose indicated. Being scarce in most places, it is an article of commerce between the tribes, and is eagerly purchased by the Patagonians, in whose territory it is not found.

tioned, "he rob me after Englis' off'cer leave us all at Woolya. Took 'way my coat, tools, everything. Yes! 'York' very bad man! He no Tekenika; him blubber-eating Ailikolip!"

Strange words from a man who, while giving utterance to them, is industriously devouring a piece of seal-flesh which is nearly raw.

Is there a people or nation on earth that does not believe itself superior to some other?

Jemmy further declares that the hostile party encountered in Whale Boat Sound must have been Ailikolips; though Eleparu had denied it. Still, as there are several communities of Ailikolips, it may have been one with which Eleparu's people had no relations.

With a grateful remembrance of their late host's behavior, the castaways are loath to believe all that is alleged against him by their present entertainer; though they feel some of it must be true, or why should Eleparu have been so reticent as to Orundelico?

Like "York," Jemmy has married; and his wife is with him at the fishing station. His "helpmeet" is anything but a beauty, however, being as ugly as can well be imagined. But withal, she is of a kindly, gentle disposition, quite as generous as Ocushlu, and does her best to help entertain her husband's guests.

Notwithstanding all the hospitality extended to them, the castaways find the delay irksome, and are impatient to be gone. Glad are they when at length a shout heard from the hills announces the approach of the hunters; and still more gratified at seeing them issue from the wood, bearing on their backs the four quarters of a guanaco as large as a year-old bullock!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DREADED OENSMEN.

FROM the information they have gained about the Yapoos, which shows them to be ferocious and treacherous, and hostile to white men, Captain Gancy decides upon running out to seaward through the Murray Narrow,—a resolve in harmony with the advice given him by his Fuegian host, and by the trusty Seagriff also. The inlet in which they are is just outside the entrance to the Narrow, on its western side; and, once around a separating tongue of land, they will be in it. As if some good fortune seemed to favor their taking this route instead of following the Beagle Chan-

nel, a fine breeze has set in from almost due north; and it is still blowing when the spoil-laden hunters return.

To take advantage of it, immediate departure must be made, and is determined upon. Down comes the tent, and its component parts are transferred to the boat with all their other belongings. Enough, also, of the guanaco meat to last them for a much longer voyage than they hope theirs will be.

What if they make no voyage at all? What if they are not even allowed to embark?

But why should these questions occur to them?

Because, just as they all have come down to the boat, and are preparing to step into it, something is seen on the water outside, near the opposite shore of the channel, which painfully suggests the questions,—a fleet of canoes, crowded with men, and evidently making across for the cove!

"The Yapoos!" exclaims Orundelico in a voice betokening great alarm.

But not so great as when, the instant after, he again cries out:

"Oh! Oh! The Oensmen 'long with them!"

Captain Gancy, quickly covering the canoes with his glass, makes out, what is yet undistinguishable by the naked eye of any other than a Fuegian, that there are two sorts of men in them, quite different in appearance, unlike in form, facial aspect, dress, everything. Above all, are they dissimilar in size, some being of gigantic stature; the others alongside of them appearing like pigmies! The latter are seated or bent down working the paddles; while the big men stand erect, each with an ample robe of skin hanging toga-like from his shoulders, cloaking him from neck to ankles.

It is seen, also, that the canoes are lashed together, two and two, like double-keeled catamarans, as though the heavy, stalwart Oensmen did not dare to trust themselves to embark in the ordinary Fuegian craft.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!!" repeats Orundelico, shivering from crown to toe. "The Oensmen, shoo!" This the time of year they come plunder; now *oosho* (red leaf). They rob, kill us all, if we stay here. Too late now get pass 'em. They meet you out yonner. We mus' run to hills; hide way up in woods!"

The course he counsels is already being taken by his compatriots; all of whom, men and women, on hearing the word "Oensmen"—the most terrifying bogey of their babyhood—have made a rush to the wigwams and hastily gathered up the most

* The robbery was actually committed. After being left at Woolya, "York" and "Fuegia" found their way to the country that they had been taken from, further west; but not until they had stripped their former associate of most of the chattels that had been given him by Captain Fitzroy.

portable of their household goods. Nor do they stay for "Jemmy"; but, all shouting and screaming, strike off into the woods, "Jemmy's" wife among them.

Left alone with the boat's people, he remains by them but for a brief moment, urging them to flight.

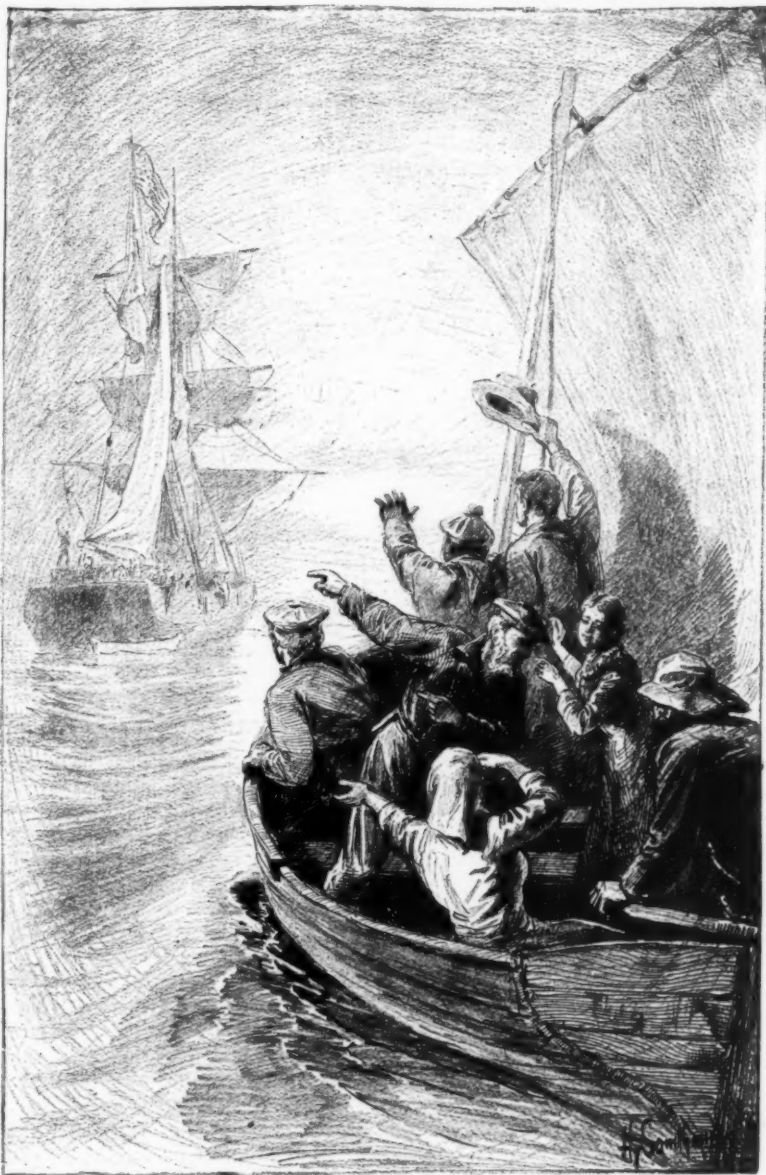
"Oensmen bad—very bad," he keeps affirming. "They worse than Ailikolip. They kill you all. Come! Hide in the woods." And with these words, he is off like a shot.

"What's to be done?" asks the Captain, appealing to Seagriff. "If we retreat inland, we shall lose the boat—even if we save ourselves."

"Let me hev another look through yer glass, Cap'tin."

A hasty glance enables him to make a rough estimate of the distance between the cove's mouth and the approaching canoes. "I guess we can get out

Besides, it's not likely we could escape t' other way, seein' how we 're hampered," says Seagriff, with a



SAVED AT LAST. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

o' this corner, 'fore they shut us up in it. Ef we can but make 'roun' that p'int eastard, we'll be safe.

side glance toward Mrs. Gancy and Leoline. "On land they 'd soon overtake us, hide or no hide,—

sure to. Therefor, our best, our *only* chance air by the water," he affirms.

Never did crew or passengers get more quickly on board a craft, and the instant that everybody is in the boat, it is shot out into the water, like an arrow from a bow, and brought head around, like a teetotum. Then, with the four oars in the hands of four men who work them with strength and will, it goes gliding, aye, fairly bounding on for the outside channel.

Again it is a pull for their lives, and they know it. If they had any doubt of it before, there can be none now; for as they draw near to the entrance of the cove, they see the canoes spreading out to intercept them. The big, fierce-looking men, too, are in a state of wild excitement, evidently purposing an attack. They cast off their skin wraps from their shoulders, displaying their naked bronze bodies and arms, like those of a Colossus. Each has in his hand what appears to be a bit of cord uniting two balls, about the size of small oranges. It is the *bolas*, an innocent-looking thing, but, in reality, a missile weapon as deadly in practiced hands as a grenade or bomb-shell. That the giant savages intend casting them is clear. Their gestures leave no room for doubting it; they are only waiting until the boat is near enough.

The fugitives are well-nigh despairing, for it is almost near enough now. Less than two cables' lengths are between it and the foremost of the canoes,—each holding a course straight toward the other. It seems as though they *must* meet. Forty strokes more, and the boat will be among the canoes. Twenty will bring it within reach of the *bolas*.

And the strokes are given, but no longer to propel it in that direction; for the point of the land spit is now abeam, the helm is put hard-a-port, bringing the boat's head around with a sharp sheer to starboard, and it is clear of the cove!

The mast being already stepped, Ned and Henry now drop their oars and hasten to hoist sail. But ere the yard can be run up to the mast-head, there comes a whizzing, booming sound,—and it is caught in the *bolas*! The mast is struck, too, and the balls, whirling around and around, lash it and the yard together, with the frumpled canvas between, as tight as a spliced spar!

And now dismay fills the hearts of the boat's people; all chance of escape seems gone. Two of their oars for the time are idle, and the sail, as it were, fast-furled. But no; it is loose again! for quick as a thought, Harry Chester has drawn his knife and, springing forward, cut the lapping cord with one rapid slash. With equal prompt-

ness Ned Gancy, having the halyards still in hand, hoists away; the sheet is hauled taut aft, the sail instantly fills, and off goes the boat, like an impatient steed under loosened rein and deep-driven spurs,—off and away in gay, careering dance over the water, quickly leaving the foiled, furious giants far—hopelessly far—in the wake!

* * * * *

This was the last peril encountered by the castaways that claims record here. What came after were but the ordinary dangers to which an open boat is exposed when skirting along a rock-bound, storm-beaten coast like that which forms the southern and western borders of Tierra del Fuego. But they passed unharmed through all, and, three days later, reached Good Success Bay.

There were their hearts made glad by the sight of a ship at anchor in shore, Seagriff still further rejoicing on recognizing it as a sealing vessel,—the very one on which, years before; he had cruised while chasing the fur-coated amphibia through the waters of Fireland.

But another and greater joy is in store for them all, as, pulling up nearer, they see a large boat—a pinnace—swinging by its painter at the ship's side, and, lettered on its stern, the name "*CALYPSO*"! Over the ship's rail, too, is seen a row of familiar faces—those of their old shipmates, whom they feared they might never see again. There are they all,—Lyons and nine others,—and all uniting in a chorus of joyous salutation.

Soon hands are being shaken warmly on both sides, and mutual accounts rendered of what has happened to each party since their forced separation. The crew of the pinnace had encountered but little incident or accident. They had kept to the outside coast and circumnavigated it from the Milky Way to the Straits of Le Maire. They had fallen in with some natives, but luckily had not fallen out with them.

The gig's people, whose lives had been more than once in jeopardy from the inhabitants, might well be thankful to Captain Fitzroy, one of whose objects in carrying the four Fuegians to England and back to their own country is thus told by himself:

"Perhaps a shipwrecked seaman may hereafter receive help and kind treatment from 'Jemmy Button's' children, prompted, as they can hardly fail to be, by the traditions they will have heard of men of other lands, and by the idea, however faint, of their duty to God, as well as to their neighbors."

The hopeful prediction has borne good fruit, even sooner than Captain Fitzroy looked for. But for his humane act, Captain Gancy and all dear to him would have doubtless left their bones, unburied, on some lone spot in the LAND OF FIRE.

THE RIVER-END MOREYS' RAB.

BY A. G. PLYMPTON.

THERE were two Scotch collies in Cloverbank, one belonging to the rich Moreys on the hill, and the other the river-end Moreys' Rab. The former was a pampered animal, in whom I have no interest whatever; but the latter was a most affectionate, faithful creature, and the only companion poor little Martha Morey ever had. It was this dog that had the misfortune to mistake the tax-collector for a tramp.

Old Sam Morey and little Martha lived alone in an unpainted, tumble-down house with old-fashioned "lights" over the door and a dove-cote under the eaves. The house had a fine view of the river which marked the boundary of this end of the town,—“the river end,” as the Cloverbank people called it, and in a tone which betrayed the fact that it was by no means the court end of the town.

The Moreys on the hill did not exchange calls with the river-end Moreys, although both were descended from a certain sturdy old John Morey, who had settled in Cloverbank over a hundred years ago. It is doubtful whether the richer and luckier of the two families could have told exactly what the connection was; and the daughter of the house, little Isabel, never dreamed that the same blood flowed in her veins as in the wild little creature's who lived at the river end. Martha Morey, however, had often listened to the family history, and sometimes told Rab—who received the intelligence with a sniff of indifference—that he was a sixteenth cousin of that other Scotch collie that lived in the big house on the hill.

“Why,” said Bill Swift, who, on one occasion, overheard this boast, “they are n't any better folks than you and your father be.”

“Better folks! Why, Bill, they are—they are the best family in town. They have silver forks, Bill. Why, they have a piano!”

I forgot Bill Swift, when I said Martha and her father lived alone. But then, he went home every night to a little shanty of his own, and, besides, Bill was just next to nobody. If he had not been, he would never have worked for old Sam Morey “for his keep.” And such “keep!” You can imagine what it must have been, with shiftless Sam to provide, and poor little Martha as house-keeper and cook.

Poor little Martha, indeed! What a life the child had led before that never-to-be-forgotten day when Rab came! How she had longed for companionship, even trying to make friends with the

frogs in the spring. There were long days, often with no human face to look upon, except, perhaps, the grimy countenance of a tramp, whose rough look would cause her heart to beat like a trip-hammer. And, worse than all, there were the nights when Sam—heaven help him!—did not come home at all, and which Martha passed listening to the wind whistling in the pine-tops and the windows rattling in the casement.

But enough of these dismal memories; for the day came at last, when her father brought home a lovely black-and-white puppy (with a sharp little nose and a tail just like a rat's), and said in his pleasant way,—for with all his faults old Sam Morey always spoke kindly to his little girl,—“Marthy, here 's a playmate for you.”

Dear old Rab! A playmate! Why, he was the most loyal, adoring of friends, and a brave protector besides. He grew big and handsome every day, with a sleek black coat, and a white vest; and his tail, which he had so grand a way of waving in the air, became unusually bushy and majestic. He was an endless diversion to Martha with his funny dog-ways—such dancing around after his tail, and giving sly licks at her cheek in unguarded moments; even the funny little flap of his ears when he ran delighted her, and his trick of resting his chin on her lap when she ate, and nudging her with it from time to time to attract her attention to the fact that he, too, was hungry. Martha knew that he longed for the gift of speech, if only to tell her how he loved her. At least, so his brown eyes seemed to say, as he sometimes stood by her side looking patiently, wistfully into her face.

Rab fully realized what an unguarded life his little mistress led, and constituted himself her body-guard. No grimy tramp set Martha's heart beating now, for Rab became a terror even to the innocent passer-by. You would have thought, to hear him growl, that old Sam Morey's dilapidated buildings were store-houses of wealth.

One day, old Isaac Hunter was driving to the village, and his harness broke in front of the Morey house. Isaac stopped his horse and descended slowly from his wagon, when Rab, who with ears upright and glaring eyes had been watching him from the door-step, dashed down the path, barking furiously, and seized the old man by the leg. If Martha had not appeared just then upon the scene, there is no knowing how the en-

counter would have ended. As it was, there was a hole in Isaac's boot-top.

"Is that your dog?" asked he of Martha, who was holding Rab by the ear.

"Yes, sir."

"Had him long?"

"Two years," answered innocent Martha, with a fond pat on Rab's sleek black head.

"Long enough to have taught him better manners," said ungracious Isaac, as he gathered his reins together and drove off.

That very evening, as Sam sat, with his pipe, in the front yard, a neighbor leaned over the gate and thus addressed him: "Hello, Sam, why don't you shingle your roof?"

"Wall," said Sam, taking the pipe from his mouth, "there don't seem to be any right time to shingle a house. Can't when it rains, you know. And when it's pleasant, there's no need of it."

The neighbor laughed, and presently began again: "I say, Sam, have you paid your dog-tax this year?"

"Blest, now, if I have n't forgotten that tax!" said Sam, scratching his head; but adding, with a sudden glance of suspicion, "Why are you so free with your questions?"

"Well, it is n't exactly from curiosity, Sam. You see, old Isaac Hunter passed here to-day, and your dog introduced himself to notice. Isaac collects the dog-tax, you know, and he says there has n't any tax been paid on your dog this year; nor last year, either, for the matter of that. I thought I'd be neighborly, and let you know that he is coming down to-morrow night to collect."

"You don't mean it?" said Sam. "It'll be uncommon inconvenient. I can't let him have the money then."

"Well, there is no way to avoid the tax, they say, but to kill the dog."

To kill dear old Rab! Can you understand, you children with tender parents, with brothers and sisters, with hosts of friends, with never-ending amusements,—can you understand what the words meant to lonely little Martha Morey?

"Oh, Father," she cried, "you *would* n't kill Rab!"

"Marthy," answered Sam, with his eyes on the vanishing figure of his neighbor, "I have n't got a penny to my name, and that's the truth."

She flung her arms around the dog, and buried her face in his shaggy coat. Her faithful, only friend; and he loved her so!

"I dunno as I could kill him myself," continued Sam, looking at the two with a troubled face. "Bill Swift will have to do it. Come, Marthy,—come little gal,—don't take on so!"

The tax was two dollars—such a trifle against

Rab's life! Sam went out,—poor, weak, old fellow,—unable to witness Martha's misery. It was bright moonlight, and the child wiped her eyes bravely, for she remembered to have heard that huckleberries were ripe in the lower pasture; and she would work instead of cry. Would her father try to raise the money and save Rab? She seized a basket, poor little desperate soul, and calling her dog, shut the door of the house.

It was a long walk to the pasture, but she had soon scrambled over the wall and made her way to the place where the berries grew. I have never picked berries by moonlight, but I can imagine what the difficulties may be. Martha trailed through the wet bushes and picked with nervous, eager fingers, without daring to think how many berries it would take to earn two dollars, or whether four dollars, even, might not be demanded by that hard-hearted collector of taxes. Meantime, Rab kept close to her side, watching proceedings with wise eyes, as if he, too, understood all about it. By midnight the moon went down, and Martha sadly groped her way home.

There, she lit a lamp and measured the berries. Only two quarts; but in her desperation a thought had come to her, and holding fast to the hope it held, she at last fell asleep.

The sun shone in at her eastern window, and woke the little sleeper at the usual hour. Martha's trouble woke, too, and urged her to hurry about her morning work. She made the fire and cooked the breakfast. She gave Rab his, too, which he ate with his usual appetite, unconscious that his life was trembling in the balance. Ah, poor, loving Rab, who licked Sam's hands, and stood looking trustfully into his face at the very moment when that worthy was telling Bill that he must shoot the dog!

"This afternoon, sometime, Bill, you must find time to do it," Sam said, "for Isaac Hunter is coming for the tax in the evening; and, mind you, I don't mean to own any dog then. Come toward sunset. Now, Marthy, keep 'round the house with him."

"Yes, sir," replied Martha, with her usual meekness; but, for the first time in her life, she avoided her father's kiss.

The berries she had picked, upon inspection by daylight, proved very unsalable. They were hardly ripe, and the preponderance of green berries was perceptible. Nevertheless, Martha got her hat and put it on. Looking in the little cracked glass, she saw a slender girl with dusky hair, beneath which her face seemed unusually small and delicate. Blue eyes full of tears, a little mouth set in a sad curve, the dress old and faded. Then she kissed dear old Rab, shut him in the house in spite of his

frantic entreaties to go, too, and set out for the village.

It was to one of the stores of Cloverbank that Martha was bound, on an errand the very thought of which made her cheeks burn. She was going

desire on your part—perfectly natural," was the facetious remark of Mr. Towle, when Martha had stammered out her proposition. "But you see, from my point of view it does n't seem so attractive."

"Indeed," cried poor Martha, "that is n't what



MARTHA AND RAB

to do what she had never done before—to beg a favor. But it was for Rab's life, and with this reflection she plucked up courage and went in.

"And so you want me to make you a present of two dollars,—eh? Well, that is a very natural

I said at all. I said I would bring you berries all summer, and I wanted you, as a great favor, to pay me beforehand."

"In advance, so to speak. Would they be as clean picked as these, Miss Morey?" asked Mr.

Towle, sarcastically, with a wave of his hand toward the basket. "No, no," said he, changing his tone as he saw a customer advancing. "I'll pay you for your berries when you bring them."

Martha turned away. Blinded with tears, she ran against a stout woman who was coming in.

"Well, well, little girl, what's the trouble? Could n't sell your berries?" questioned she, in a kind tone. "Well, just run up to Mrs. Morey's, on the hill, you know, and I guess she will buy them; for she asked me if I saw any one with berries to send them to her."

With renewed hope and courage, Martha wiped her eyes and started for the hill. Perhaps these rich Moreys would hold out a helping hand, for she had heard that they did many acts of kindness in the village; and then—and Martha's cheeks flushed—there was the relationship, too, in her favor.

She soon came to the broad gate of the rich Moreys' house, which stood with its long windows and broad piazzas, a very stronghold of ease and plenty. On the front piazza sat Isabel Morey and three young friends, who, Martha saw at a glance, were not Cloverbank girls.

Poor Martha! She was too ignorant of the ways of the world to go to the back of the house with her wares; instead of doing so, she walked slowly up to Isabel, and asked if they would like to buy huckleberries.

"Huckleberries!" cried one of the girls, coming toward her. "Isabel, your good mother said if she could get any, I would n't have to go back to the South without having tasted a huckleberry pie. And she looked into Martha's basket, saying, 'And so these little green things are the much-talked-of huckleberry?'"

Isabel blushed and laughed. "They are not very good specimens, Ruby," and turning to Martha, said coldly: "None to-day, thank you."

Down to zero sank Martha's heart, her courage had almost gone; yet she could not go without another effort for Rab.

"They are not very good, I know," she said, eagerly; "I picked them by moonlight, because" (with a sob) "I wanted the money so. Unless I have it, my dog will be shot just for the money to pay the tax. I thought, perhaps, because I am a relation, you would let me have it."

"A relation!" cried Isabel; "pooh! That's a story. We don't want any berries, I tell you, so you had better go on to your next relations."

Little Martha went home desperate. She prepared the dinner, but she ate none of it herself. She took Rab, who was wild with joy at her return after so unusual a separation, out of the house, away from her father and Bill Swift, and went up on the hill.

It was the same spot where they had frolicked together but a few days before, and Martha remembered how the solemn beauty of the sunset had, at last, hushed their wild gambols. She thought then, as she stood watching the tender glow of the wonderful sky, that life, even to a poor, little bare-foot girl like herself, was sweet and good. And now—oh, the difference! It was Rab's last afternoon—the last one. He was her only, best friend; and he was going to be shot—shot for no fault of his, and by those he loved and trusted.

"Oh, Rab! Rab!" cried the poor little girl, "how can they do it, when you trust them so? If you only knew, you would run away and find a home with somebody else; but you never could trust anybody, never any more. Rab, dear old dog, can't you understand? You have stuck as close to us always as if we were rich folks, and loved us, and tried to keep harm away; and now, just for two dollars, you are going to be shot!"

And Rab, who had never once taken his solemn eyes from hers, licked her hand and moved still closer by way of answer.

The afternoon shadows grew longer and longer. Rab slept with his head on Martha's lap, and Martha, poor child, wept. Once, she woke him up with a great hug, crying: "How can I do without you? How can I bear the long evenings, old fellow, all alone again?"

The sun sank lower and lower, and dropped at last softly below the horizon. Then the child with a frantic kiss on Rab's head, sprang to her feet and flew down the hill, past the orchard, past the great empty barns, and in at the old kitchen door, knowing well that it hit Rab's nose as she shut it, and that he stood waiting patiently for it to be opened again. She heard Bill Swift's whistle, and knew that Rab trotted off obedient to the call. She could see how he jumped and wagged his tail in answer to Bill's voice—Bill, who had just stood and grinned, when he had been ordered to shoot him. Oh! that was Bill now, in the hall, for his gun. And now, now he was calling Rab down behind the stable to be shot—to be shot! "Oh, how can he do it!" cried Martha, muffling her shawl around her ears. But she could not shut out the sound she dreaded.

For, at the same moment, a loud bang and a girl's shrill cry filled the air; then there was perfect stillness, and Martha tried to realize that brave, loving Rab was dead.

Isabel Morey, notwithstanding her treatment of Martha, was by no means a hard-hearted girl. She had, indeed, a very tender heart, and it was filled with remorse, although Isabel tried her best not to think any more about the girl who was try-

ing to get money to save her dog. You see, she was proud; and what proud girl would wish to have Martha Morey claim her for a relation? But, somehow, the troubled blue eyes and quivering lip haunted Isabel all day; and that afternoon which Martha and Rab spent on the hill, and on which Isabel gave her lawn party, was the most uncomfortable one she could remember.

The girl had been fed on praise and pleasure all her life, and that is a diet that will agree with nobody's disposition. It was only Isabel's high standard of living that prevented her from being just as well pleased with herself as the rest of the household was with her. She knew those whose lives were lovely, and her own seemed very poor and ugly, just now, in comparison. So, when fond good-night kisses were pressed on her cheek, she burst out:

"Don't kiss me, mother! I'm a proud, bad-hearted girl, who never thinks of anybody but herself; and I don't deserve all the love and the kisses I get. I'm an unfeeling savage, mother, and I'm sure I have broken a girl's heart."

"Broken a girl's heart!" echoed Mrs. Morey. "Dear, dear, and who is the damsel?"

"It's a poor girl that came to sell berries," explained Isabel. "She wanted the money to save her dog, that was going to be shot to avoid the 'dog-tax.' And I would not give her any, because she said she was a relation. Yes, that was the real reason. Her name happens to be Morey."

"Well, then, I presume she is a relation. All the Moreys in this part of the country are of the same stock. Which family is it, Belle?"

"The river-end Moreys, mother."

"A daughter of old Sam, then. Well, dear, any child of his has a sad life. Help her, if you have a chance."

"To-morrow, I will go and see Martha, and give her the money," said Isabel, who had real tears in her eyes; and after calling herself more bad names, she was led off to bed, where, I hope, she slept more comfortably than poor Martha, who tossed on her little cot and moaned for Rab till morning.

One of the advantages of a story is, that we can skip unhappy days which, in real life, we have to go through as best we may, finding out, let us hope, that pain at least teaches us tenderness and sympathy for others. So we need not follow Martha through that lonesome, wretched day.

It was just twenty-four hours since she had parted from Rab; and Martha sat before the dying coals

in the fire-place, with her head resting on the old, rush-bottom chair. For the first time in her brave, young life she had owned to herself her father's faults, and the privations and loneliness they brought upon her. She made a sad picture of desolation, and Isabel Morey, standing in the doorway, felt grateful for her own happy life, as she realized what Martha's must be.

"Martha," she cried, "I've come to bring you the money."

Martha raised herself, and looked with a shiver at Rab's empty place. "It's too late," said she.

"Oh," cried Isabel, impulsively, "why did you let them kill him so soon?"

"Ask Bill," said Martha, with a weary sigh.

But Bill, who had just come in from the stable, grinned in his usual simple way, and went out again. And Martha dropped her head back in its place on the chair.

Something in the little figure appealed to every good impulse of Isabel's heart.

"Martha," she cried, "we are relations, as you said. I did not know it before last night, but now I am glad of it; and I believe you will forgive me, and we shall be friends."

"Oh," said Martha, "even the girls here at river end despise me, and you——" But the words were smothered on Isabel's shoulder; for the two little descendants of old John Morey were locked in each other's arms.

And then the strangest thing happened. In the door stood two Scotch collies: one belonged to the Moreys on the hill, and the other was——

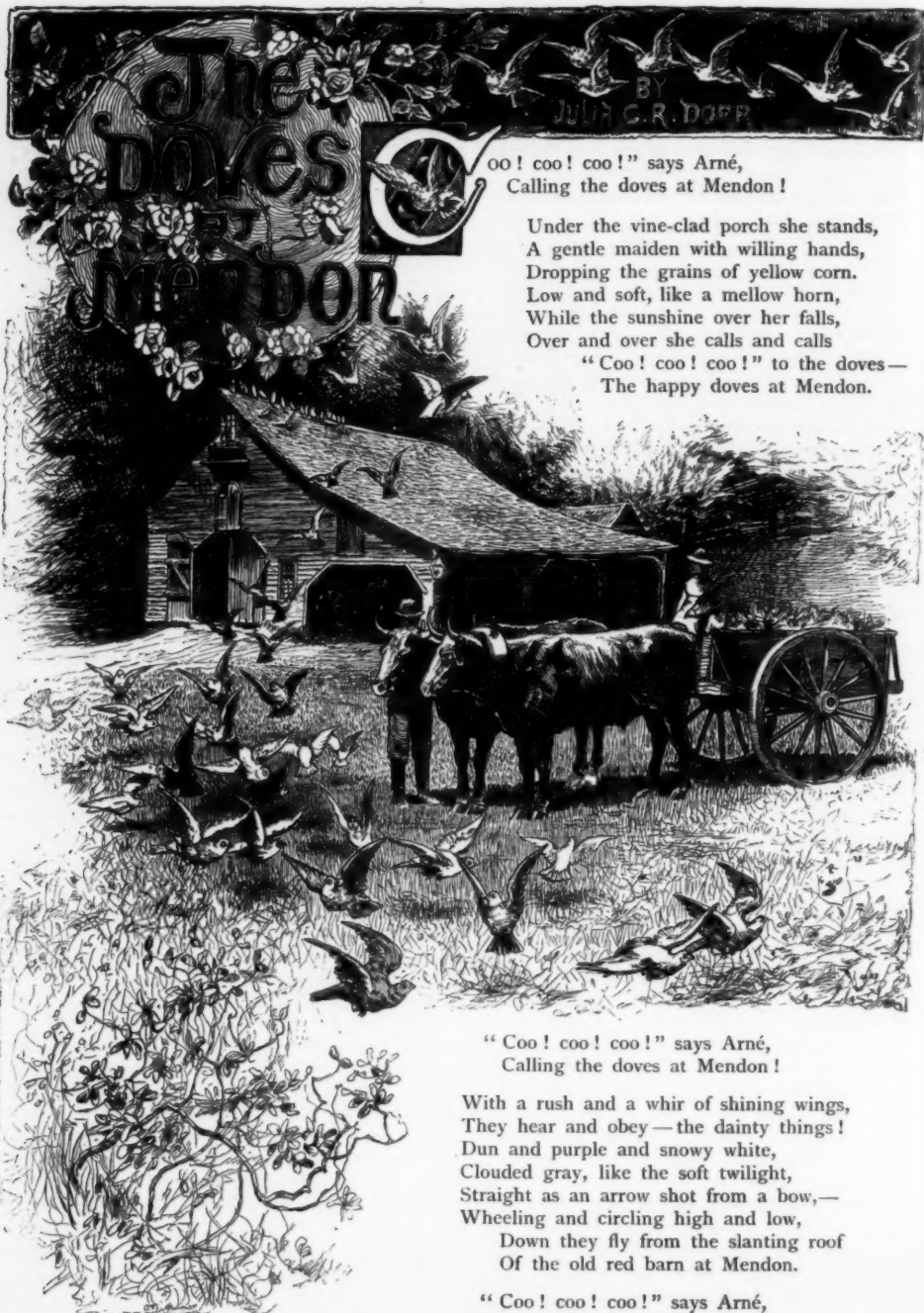
"Rab!" screamed Martha.

"Yaas, it's Rab," said Bill Swift's voice. "If this 'ere young lady wants to pay the dog-tax, here's a chance."

"And you did n't shoot him, dear, dear Bill?" cried Martha.

"S'pose I'd shoot Rab? Pooh! I'm not so silly as some folks think me," answered Bill. "No, no; I jest shot at a crow, and I tied Rab up in my old shed at home."

From this time, the two Morey girls and the two Scotch collies became the four best friends in Cloverbank. Martha overcame her shyness, and paid many a delightful visit to the big house on the hill, where, in spite of her faded frocks, they could no more despise her than a moonbeam or a violet—sweet, gentle little Martha. And the rich Moreys' love for her became the channel through which flowed many of the good and inspiring things of this life, which made her own full and happy.



“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Under the vine-clad porch she stands,
A gentle maiden with willing hands,
Dropping the grains of yellow corn.
Low and soft, like a mellow horn,
While the sunshine over her falls,
Over and over she calls and calls

“Coo! coo! coo!” to the doves—
The happy doves at Mendon.

“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

With a rush and a whirl of shining wings,
They hear and obey—the dainty things!
Dun and purple and snowy white,
Clouded gray, like the soft twilight,
Straight as an arrow shot from a bow,—
Wheeling and circling high and low,
Down they fly from the slanting roof
Of the old red barn at Mendon.

“Coo! coo! coo!” says Arné,
Calling the doves at Mendon!

Baby Alice with wide blue eyes
 Watches them ever with new surprise,
 While she and Wag on the mat together
 Joy in the soft midsummer weather.
 Hither and thither she sees them fly,
 Gray and white on the azure sky,
 Light and shadow against the green
 Of the maple grove at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!



Down they flutter with timid grace,
 Lured by the voice and the tender face,
 Till the evening air is all astir
 With the happy strife and the eager whirl.
 One by one and two by two,
 And then a rush through the ether blue;
 While Arné scatters the yellow corn
 For the gentle doves at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!



They hop on the porch where the baby sits,
 They come and go, as a shadow flits,
 Now here, now there, while in and out
 They crowd and jostle each other about;
 Till one, grown bolder than all the rest,—
 A snow-white dove with an arching breast,—
 Softly lights on her outstretched hand
 Under the vines at Mendon.

"Coo! coo! coo!" says Arné,
 Calling the doves at Mendon!

A sound, a motion, a flash of wings,—
 They are gone—like a dream of heavenly
 things!

The doves have flown and the porch is
 still,

And the shadows gather on vale and hill.
 Then sinks the sun, and the mountain breeze
 Stirs in the tremulous maple trees;

While Love and Peace, as the night comes
 down,

Brood over quiet Mendon!





FIFTH SPINNING-WHEEL STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"THAT'S the sort I like," said Geoff, as the story ended; "Onawandah was a trump, and I'd give a good deal to know such a fellow and go hunting with him. Got any more like it, Aunt?"

"Perhaps; but it is the girls' turn now, and here is a quiet little story that teaches the same lesson in a different way. It contains a hint which some of you would better take," and Aunt Elinor glanced around the circle with a smile that set her hearers on the alert to see who was to be hit.

"Hope it isn't *very* moral," said Geoff, with a boyish dislike of being preached at.

"It wont harm you to listen and take the moral to heart, my lad. Wild horses, gold mines, and sea scrapes are not the only things worth reading about. If you ever do half so much good in the world as the people in this story did, I shall be proud of you," answered Aunt Elinor, so soberly that Geoff folded his hands and tried to look meekly impressed.

"Is it true?" asked Min.

"Yes. I heard 'Abby' tell it herself, and saw the silk stocking and the scar."

"That sounds *very* interesting. I do like to hear about good clothes and awful accidents," cried the girl, forgetting to spin in her eagerness to listen.

They all laughed at her odd mixture of tastes, and then heard the story of

LITTLE THINGS.

Abigail sat reading "Rasselas" aloud to her father while he shaved, pausing now and then to

explain a word or correct the girl's pronunciation; for this was a lesson as well as a pleasure. The handsome man, in his nankin dressing-gown, ruffled shirt, black small-clothes, and silk stockings, stood before the tall, old-fashioned bureau, looking often from the reflection of his own ruddy face to the pale one beside him, with an expression of tender pride, which plainly showed how dear his young daughter was to him.

Abby was a slender girl of fifteen, in a short-waisted gingham gown, with a muslin tucker, dimity apron, and morocco shoes on a pair of small feet demurely crossed before her. A blue-eyed, brown-haired little creature, with a broad brow, and a sweet mouth, evidently both intelligent and affectionate; for she heartily enjoyed the story, and answered her father's approving glances with a face full of the loving reverence so beautiful to see.

Schools were not abundant in 1815; and, after learning to read, spell, sew, and cipher a little, at some dame school, girls were left to pick up knowledge as they could; while the brothers went to college or were apprenticed to some trade. But the few things they did study were well learned; so that Abby's reading was a pleasure to hear. She wrote a fine, clear hand, seldom misspelt a word, kept her own little account-book in good order, and already made her father's shirts, hemstitching the linen cambric ruffles with the daintiest skill, and turning out button-holes any one might be proud of. These accomplishments did not satisfy her, however, and she longed to know much more,—to do and be something great and good,—with the sincere longing of an earnest, thoughtful girl.

These morning talks with her father were precious half-hours to her; for they not only read and discussed well-chosen books, but Abby opened her heart freely, and received his wise counsels with a grateful docility which helped to make her after-life as benevolent and blessed as his.

"I don't wonder that Rasselas wanted to get out of the Happy Valley and see the world for himself. I often feel so, and long to go and have adventures, like the people I read about. To do something very splendid, and be brave and great and loved and honored," said Abby, as she closed the book and looked out of the open window with wistful eyes; for the chestnut trees were rustling in the May sunshine, and spring was stirring in the girl's heart, as well as in the budding boughs and early flowers on the green bank below.

"Do not be in a hurry to leave your Happy Valley, my dear; but help to keep it so by doing your part well. The happiness of life depends very much on little things; and one can be brave and great and good, while making small sacrifices and doing small duties faithfully and cheerfully," answered Mr. Lyon, with the look of one who practiced what he preached.

"But *my* little things are so stupid and easy. Sewing, and learning to pickle and preserve, and going out to tea when I don't want to, and helping mother, are none of them romantic or exciting duties and sacrifices. If I could take care of poor people, or be a colonel in a splendid uniform and march with drums and trumpets, or even a fire-warden and run to save lives and property, and be loved and thanked and trusted, as you are, I should be contented," continued Abby, kindling at the thought; for she considered her father the noblest of men, and glowed with pride when she saw him in his regimentals on great occasions, or when she helped him into the leathern cap and coat, and gave him the lantern, staff, and canvas bags he used, as fire-warden, long before steam-engines, hook and ladder companies, and electric alarms were dreamed of.

Mr. Lyon laughed as he washed his face at the queer, three-cornered stand, and then sat down to have his hair tied in a queue by his daughter, who prided herself on doing this as well as a barber.

"Ah, my girl, it's not the things that make the most noise and show that are the bravest and the best; but the everlasting patience, charity, and courage needed to bear our daily trials like good Christians." And the smile changed to a sigh, for the excellent man knew the value of these virtues and their rarity.

"Yes, I know, sir; but it is so splendid to be a hero, and have the world ring with one's glory, like Washington and Lafayette, or Perry, Hull, and

Lawrence," said Abby, winding the black ribbon so energetically that it nearly broke; for her head was full of the brave deeds performed in the wars of 1775 and 1812—the latter of which she well remembered.

"Easy, my dear, easy!—remember that it was the faithful doing of small things which fitted these men to do the grand deeds well, when the time came. Heroes are not made in a minute, and we never know what we may be called upon to live through. Train yourself now to be skillful, prompt, courageous, and kind; then when the duty or the danger comes you will be prepared for it. 'Keep your spindle ready and the Lord will send the flax,' as the old proverb says."

"I will, father, and remember the other saying that you like and live up to, 'Do right and leave the consequences to God,'" answered Abby, with her arm about his neck and a soft cheek against his, feeling that with such an example before her she ought not to fail.

"That's my good girl! Come, now, begin at once. Here's a little thing to do, a very homely one, but useful, and some honor may be gained by doing it nicely; for, if you'll darn this bad rent in my new stocking, I'll give you five dollars."

As he spoke, Mr. Lyon handed her a heavy silk stocking with a great "barn-door" tear in the calf. He was rather proud of his handsome legs and dressed them with care, importing hose of unusual fineness for state occasions; being one of the old-time gentlemen whose stately elegance added dignity to any scene.

Abby groaned as she examined the hole torn by a nail, for it was a very bad one, and she knew that, if not well done, the costly stocking would be ruined. She hated to darn, infinitely preferring to read, or study Latin with her brother, instead of repairing old damask, muslin gowns, and the family hose. But she did it well, excelling her elder sister in this branch of needle-work; so she could not refuse, though the sacrifice of time and taste would have been almost impossible for any one but father.

"I'll try, sir, and you shall pay me with a kiss; five dollars is too much for such a thing," she said, smiling at him as she put the stocking into the capacious pocket where girls kept housewife, scissors, thimble, pin-ball, and a bit of lovenge or flag-root in those days.

"I'm not so sure that you'll find it an easy job, but remember Bruce and his spider, and don't be conquered by the 'little thing.' Now, I must be off. Good-bye, my darling," and Mr. Lyon's dark eyes twinkled as he thought of the task he had set her; for it seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could restore his damaged stocking.

Abby forgot her heroics and ran to get his hat and cane, to receive his morning kiss, and answer

the salute he always paused at the street corner to give her before he went away to the many cares and labors of his own busy day. But while she put her little room in order, dusted the parlor, and clapped laces for her mother, who, like most ladies long ago, did up her own caps and turbans, Abby was thinking over the late conversation, and wondering if strict attention to small affairs would really lead to something good or glorious in the end.

When her other duties were done, she resolutely sat down to the detested darn, although it would have been much pleasanter to help her sister cut out green satin leaves and quill up pink ribbon into roses for a garland to festoon the skirt of a new white dress.

Hour after hour she worked, slowly and carefully weaving the torn edges together, stitch by stitch, till her eyes ached and the delicate needle grew rusty in her warm hand. Her mother begged her to stop and rest, sister Catharine called her to come and see how well the garland looked, and a friend came to take her to drive. But she refused to stir, and kept at her weaving, as patiently as King Robert's spider, picking out a bit that puckered, turning the corner with breathless care, and rapping it with her thimble on the wooden egg till it lay flat. Then she waited till an iron was heated, and pressed it nicely, finishing in time to put it on her father's bureau, where he would see it when he dressed for dinner.

"Nearly four hours over that dreadful darn! But it's done now, and hardly shows, so I do think I've earned my money. I shall buy that work-box I have wanted so long. The inlaid one, with nice velvet beds for the thimble, scissors, and bodkin, and a glass in the cover, and a little drawer for my silk-reels. Father will like that, and I shall be proud to show it."

These agreeable thoughts were passing through Abby's mind as she went into the front yard for a breath of air, after her long task was over. Tulips and hyacinths were blooming there, and, peeping through the bars of the gate, stood a little girl wistfully watching the gay blossoms and enjoying their perfume. Now, Abby was fond of her garden, and had been hurrying the early flowers, that they might be ready for her father's birthday nose-gay, so her first impulse was to feign that she did not see the child, for she did not want to give away a single tulip. But the morning talk was fresh in her memory, and presently she thought:

"Here is a little thing I can do," and ashamed of the selfish impulse, she gathered several of her finest flowers and offered them, saying cordially:

"I think you would like these? Please take them, and by and by when there are more, you shall have prettier ones."

"Oh, thank you! I did want some for mamma. She is ill, and will be so pleased," was the grateful answer, given with a little curtsy and a smile that made the wistful face a very happy one.

"Do you live near by?" asked Abby, seeing at once from the child's speech and manner that she was both well-bred and grateful.

"Just around the corner. We are English, and papa is dead. Mamma kept school in another place till she was too ill, and now I take care of her and the children as well as I can."

The little girl of twelve, in her black frock, with a face far too old and anxious for her years, was so innocently pathetic as she told the sad story, that Abby's tender heart was touched, and an impetuous desire to do something at once made her exclaim:

"Wait a minute, and I'll send something better than flowers. Would n't your mother like some wine jelly? I helped make it, and have a glassful all my own."

"Indeed she would!" began the child, blushing with pleasure; for the poor lady needed just such delicacies, but thought only of the children's wants.

Waiting to hear no more, Abby ran in to get her offering, and came back beaming with benevolent good-will.

"As it is not far and you have that big basket, I'll go with you and help carry the things, if I may? My mother will let me, and my father will come and see you, I'm sure, if you'd like to have him. He takes care of everybody, and is the best and wisest man in all the world."

Lucy Mayhew accepted these kind offers with childish confidence, thinking the young lady a sort of angel in a coal-scuttle bonnet, and the two went chatting along, good friends at once; for Abby had very engaging manners, and her cheerful face won its way everywhere.

She found the English family a very interesting one, for the mother was a gentlewoman, and in sore straits now; being unable to use her accomplishments any longer, and failing fast, with no friends to protect the four little children she must soon leave alone in a strange land.

"If they were only cared for, I could go in peace; but it breaks my heart to think of them in an asylum, when they need a home," said the poor lady, telling her greatest anxiety to this sympathetic young visitor; while Lucy regaled the noses of the eager little ones with delicious sniffs of the pink and blue hyacinths.

"Tell father all about it, and he'll know just what to do. He always does, and everyone goes to him. May he come and see you, ma'am?" said Abby, longing to take them all home at once.

"He will be as welcome as an angel from

Heaven, my child. I am failing very fast, and help and comfort are sorely needed," answered the grateful woman, with wet eyes and a heart too full for many thanks.

Abby's eyes were full also, and promising to "send father soon," she went away, little dreaming that the handful of flowers and a few kind words were the first links in a chain of events that brought a blessing into her own home.

She waited anxiously for her father's return, and blushed with pleasure as he said, after examining her morning's work:

"Wonderfully well done, my dear! Your mother says she could n't have done it better herself."

"I'm sorry that it shows at all; but it was impossible to hide that corner, and if you wear it on the inside of the leg, it won't be seen much," explained Abby, anxiously.

"It shows just enough for me to know where to point when I boast of my girl's patience and skill. People say I'm making a blue-stocking of you, because we read Johnson; but my black stocking will prove that I have n't spoilt you yet," said Mr. Lyon, pinching her cheek, as they went down to dinner arm in arm.

Literary ladies were looked upon with awe, and by many with disapproval, in those days, so Abby's studious tastes were criticised by the good cousins and aunts, who feared she might do something peculiar; though, years later, they were very proud of the fine letters she wrote and the intellectual society which she had unconsciously fitted herself to enjoy and adorn.

Abby laughed at her father's joke, but said no more just then; for young people sat silent at table while their elders talked. She longed to tell about Lucy; and when dessert came, she drew her chair near to her father's, that she might pick the kernels from his walnuts and drop them into his wine, waiting till he said, as usual: "Now, little girl, let's take comfort." For both enjoyed the hour of rest he allowed himself in the middle of the day.

On this occasion he varied the remark by adding, as he took a bill from his pocket-book and gave it to her with a kiss:

"Well-earned money, my dear, and most cheerfully paid."

"Thank you, sir! It seems a great deal for such a little job. But I *do* want it very much. May I tell you how I'd like to spend it, father?" cried Abby, beaming with the sweet delight of helping others.

"Yes, child; come and tell me. Something for sister, I suspect; or a new book, perhaps." And, drawing her to his knee, Mr. Lyon waited with a face full of benignant interest in her little confidences.

She told her story eagerly and well, exclaiming as she ended: "And now, I'm so glad, so very glad; I have this money, all my own, to spend for those dear little things! I know you'll help them; but it's so nice to be able to do my part, and giving away is such a pleasure."

"You are your father's own daughter in that, child. I must go and get my contribution ready, or I shall be left out," said Mrs. Lyon, hastening away to add one more charity to the many which made her quiet life so beautiful.

"I will go and see our neighbor this evening, and you shall come with me. You see, my girl, that the homely 'little job' is likely to be a large and pleasant one, and you have earned your part in it. Do the duty that comes first, and one never knows what beautiful experience it may blossom into. Use your little earnings as you like, and God bless you, my dear."

So Abby had her part in the happy days that came to the Mayhews, and enjoyed it more than a dozen work-boxes; while her father was never tired of showing the handsome darn and telling the story of it.

Help and comfort were much needed around the corner; for very soon the poor lady died. But her confidence in the new friends raised up to her was not misplaced; and when all was over, and people asked, "What will become of the children?" Mr. Lyon answered the sad question by leading the four little orphans to his own house and keeping them till good homes were found for the three youngest.

Lucy was heart-broken, and clung to Abby in her sorrow, as if nothing else could console her for all she had lost. No one had the heart to speak of sending her away at present; and, before long, the grateful little creature had won a place for herself which she never forfeited.

It was good for Abby to have a care of this sort, and her generous nature enjoyed it thoroughly, as she played elder sister in the sweetest way. It was her first real lesson in the charity that made her after-life so rich and beautiful; but then she little dreamed how well she was to be repaid for her small share in the good work which proved to be a blessing to them all.

Soon, preparations for sister Catherine's wedding produced a pleasant bustle in the house, and both the younger girls were as busy as bees, helping everywhere. Dressmakers ripped and stitched upstairs, visitors gossiped in the parlor, and cooks simmered and scolded in the kitchen; while notable Madam Lyon presided over the household, keeping the peace and gently bringing order out of chaos.

Abby had a new sprigged muslin frock, with a

white sash, and her first pair of silk stockings, a present from her father. A bunch of pink roses gave the finishing touch, and she turned up her hair with a tortoise-shell comb in honor of the occasion.

All the relations—and there were many of them—came to the wedding, and the hospitable mansion was crowded with old and young. A fine breakfast was prepared, a line of carriages filled the quiet street, and troops of stately ladies and gentlemen came marching in; for the Lyons were a much-honored family.

The interesting moment arrived at last, the minister opened his book, the lovely bride entered with her groom, and a solemn silence fell upon the rustling crowd. Abby was much excited, and felt that she was about to disgrace herself by crying. Fortunately she stood near the door, and finding that a sob *would* come at thought of her dear sister going away forever, she slipped out and ran upstairs to hide her tears in the back bedroom, where she was put to accommodate guests.

As she opened the door, a puff of smoke made her catch her breath, then run to throw open the window before she turned to look for the fallen brand. A fire had been kindled in this room a short time before, and, to Abby's dismay, the sudden draught fanned the smoldering sparks which had crept from a fallen log to the mop-board and thence around the wooden mantel-piece. A suspicious crackling was heard, little tongues of flame darted from the cracks, and the air was full of smoke.

Abby's first impulse was to fly down-stairs, screaming "fire!" at the top of her voice; her second was to stand still and think what to do,—for an instant's recollection showed her what terror and confusion such a cry would produce in the crowded house, and how unseemly a panic would be at such a time.

"If I could only get at father! But I can't without scaring everyone. What would he do? I've heard him tell about fires, and how to put them out, I know—stop the draught first," and Abby shut the window. "Now water and wet blankets," and away she ran to the bath-room, and filling a pail, dashed the water over the burning wood. Then, pulling the blankets from off the bed, she wet them as well as she could, and hung them up before the fire-place, going to and fro for more water till the smoke ceased to pour out and the crackling stopped.

These energetic measures were taken just in time to prevent a serious fire, and when Abby dared to rest a moment with her eyes on the chimney, fearing the treacherous blaze might burst out in a new place, she discovered that her clothes were wet,

her face blackened, her hands blistered, and her breath gone.

"No matter," she thought, still too much elated with her success to feel the pain. "Father will be pleased, I know; for this is what he would call an emergency, and I've had my wits about me. I wish mother would come—O, dear! how queerly I feel —" and in the midst of her self-congratulation, poor little Abby fainted away; slipping to the floor and lying there like a new sort of Casabianca, faithful at her post.

Lucy found her very soon, having missed her and come to look for her the minute the service was over. Much frightened, she ran down again and tried to tell Mr. and Mrs. Lyon quietly. But her pale face alarmed every one, and when Abby came to herself, she was in her father's arms, being carried from the scene of devastation to her mother's room, where a crowd of anxious relatives received her like a conquering hero.

"Well done, my brave little fire-warden! I'm proud of you!" were the first words she heard, and they were more reviving than the burnt feathers under her nose, or the lavender-water plentifully sprinkled over her by her mother and sister.

With that hearty commendation, her father left her to see that all was safe, and Abby found that another sort of courage was needed to support her through the next half-hour of trial; for her hands were badly burned, and each of the excellent relatives suggested a different remedy.

"Flour them!" cried Aunt Sally, fanning her violently.

"Goose-oil and cotton-batting," suggested Aunt Patty.

"Nothing so good as lard," pronounced Aunt Nabby.

"I always use dry starch or a piece of salt pork," added cousin Lucretia.

"Butter them!" commanded grandma. "That's what I did when my Joseph fell into the boiler and came out with his blessed little legs the color of lobsters. "Butter them, Dolly."

That settled the vexed question, and Abby's hands were well buttered, while a hearty laugh composed the spirits of the agitated party; for the contrast between grandma's words and her splendid appearance, as she sat erect in the big arm-chair issuing commands like a general in silver-gray satin and an imposing turban, was very funny.

Then Abby was left to repose, with Lucy and old Nurse beside her, while the rest went down to eat the wedding feast and see the happy pair off in a chaise, with the portmanteau slung underneath, on their quiet honey-moon trip to Pomfret.

When the bustle was all over, Abby found her-

self a heroine in her small circle of admiring friends and neighbors, who praised and petted her as if she had saved the city from destruction. She needed comfort very much, for one hand was so seriously injured that it never entirely recovered from the deep burn which contracted two of her finger-tips. This was a great sorrow to the poor girl; for she could no longer play on her piano, and was forced to content herself with singing like a lark when all joined in the sweet old ballads forgotten now.

It was a misfortune, but it had its happy side; for, during the long months when she was partially helpless, books were her solace, and she studied many things which other duties or pleasures would have crowded out if "Abby's poor hand" had not been an excuse for such liberty and indulgence. It did not make her selfish, however, for while regretting her uselessness, she unexpectedly found work to do that made her own life happy by cheering that of another.

Lucy proved to be a most intelligent child; and when Abby asked what return she could make for all the little girl's loving service during her trouble, she discovered that help about lessons would be the favor most desired. Lucy's too early cares had kept her from learning much, and now that she had leisure, weak eyes forbade study, and she longed vainly to get on as her new friend did; for Abby was her model in all things,—looked up to with admiration, love, and wonder.

"Father, I've been thinking that I might read Lucy's lessons to her and hear her recite. Then she would n't grieve about being backward, and I can be eyes to her as she is hands to me. I can't sew or work now, but I can teach the little I know. May I, sir?" asked Abby, one morning, after reading a paper in the *Spectator*, and having a pleasant talk about it during the happy half-hour.

"A capital plan, Daughter, if you are sure you can keep on. To begin and then fail would leave the child worse off for the hope and disappointment. It will be tiresome to go on day after day, so think well before you propose it," answered her father, much pleased with the idea.

"I can do it, and I will! If I get tired, I'll look at you and mother, always so faithful to what you undertake, and remember my motto," cried Abby, anxious to follow the example set her in the daily life of these good parents.

A hearty hand-shake rewarded her, and she set about the new task with a resolute purpose to succeed. It was hard at first to go back to her early lessons and read them over and over again to eager Lucy, who did her best to understand, remember, and recite. But good-will and gratitude worked wonders; and day after day, week after

week, month after month, the teaching went on, to the great surprise and satisfaction of those who watched this labor of love. Both learned much, and a very strong, sweet friendship grew up, which lasted till the young girls became old women.

For nearly two years the daily lessons were continued; then Lucy was ready and able to go to school, and Abby free from the duty that had grown a pleasure. Sister Catherine being gone, she was the young lady of the house now, and began to go to a few parties, where she distinguished herself by her graceful dancing and sprightly though modest manners. She had grown strong and rosy with the exercise her sensible mother prescribed and her energetic father encouraged, taking long walks with her to Roxbury and Dorchester on holidays, over bridges and around the common before breakfast each morning, till the pale little girl was a tall and blooming creature, full of life and spirit. Not exactly beautiful, but with a sweet, intelligent face, and the frank, cordial ways that are so charming. Her brother Sam was very proud of her, and liked to see her surrounded by his friends at the merry-makings to which he escorted her; for she talked as well as she danced, and the older gentlemen enjoyed a good chat with Miss Abby as much as the younger ones did the elaborate pigeon-wings and pirouettes then in vogue.

Among the older men was one whom Abby much admired; for he had fought, traveled, and studied more than most men of his age, and earned the honors he wore so modestly. She was never tired of asking him questions when they met, and he never seemed tired of giving long, interesting replies; so they often sat and talked while others danced, and Abby never guessed that he was studying her bright face and innocent heart as eagerly as she listened to his agreeable conversation and stirring adventures.

Presently he came to the house with brother Sam, who shared Abby's regard for him; and there, while the young men amused themselves or paid their respects to the elders, one of them was still watching the tall girl with the crown of brown hair, as she sat by her father, poured the tea for Madam, laughed with her brother, or made bashful Lucy share their pleasures; always so busy, dutiful, and winning, that the visitor pronounced Mr. Lyon's the most delightful house in Boston. He heard all the little tales of Abby's youth from Sam, and Lucy added her tribute with the eloquence of a grateful heart; he saw how loved and trusted she was, and he soon longed to know how she would answer the question he desired to ask her. Having received permission from Papa, in the decorous old style, he only waited for an opportunity to discover if charming Abigail would con-

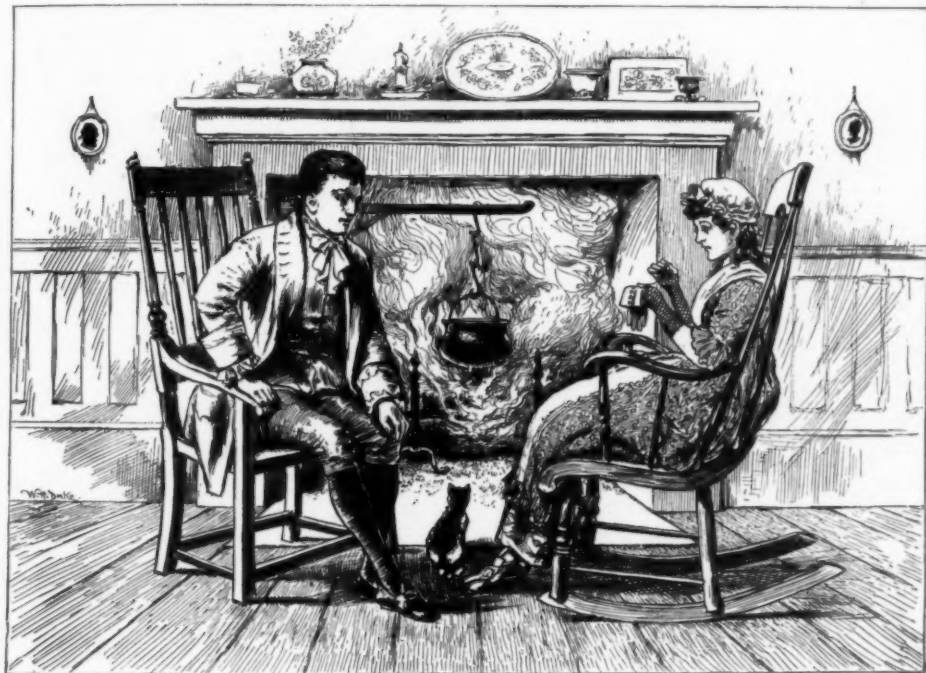
sent to change her name from Lyon to Lamb; and, as if her lesson was to be quite complete, a little thing decided her fate and made a very happy woman of the good girl.

On Abby's seventeenth birthday, there was to be a party in her honor, at the hospitable family mansion, to which all her friends were invited; and, when she came down early to see that all was in order, she found one impatient guest had already arrived.

It was not alone the consciousness that the new

it," said Abby, glad to find employment for her eyes.

A minute afterward she was sorry she had offered, for he accepted the little service with thanks, and stood watching while she sat down at her work-table and began to sew. She was very sensitive about her hand, yet ashamed of being so; for the scar was inside and the drawn fingers showed very little, as it is natural to half close them. She hoped he had never seen it, and tried



"'I'M AFRAID I'M GIVING YOU A DEAL OF TROUBLE,' SAID THE GENTLEMAN."

pink taffety gown and the beautiful new head-dress were very becoming which made her blush so prettily as she thanked her friend for the fine nosegay he brought her, but something in his face, though he only wished her many happy returns in a hearty way, and then added, laughing, as the last button flew off the glove he was awkwardly trying to fasten:

"It is evident that you did n't sew on these buttons, Miss Abby. I've observed that Sam's never come off, and he says you always keep them in order."

"Let me put one on for you. It will take but a moment, and you'll be so uncomfortable without

to hide it as she worked. But this, or some new consciousness, made her usually nimble fingers lose their skill, and she knotted the silk, split the button, and dropped her thimble, growing angry with herself for being so silly and getting so red and flurried.

"I'm afraid I'm giving you a deal of trouble," said the gentleman, who was watching the white hands with great interest.

"No; it is I who am foolish about my burnt hand," answered Abby, in her frank, impetuous way. "See how ugly it is!" And she held it out as if to punish herself for the girlish feeling she despised.

The answer to this little outburst made her forget everything but the sweetest pleasure and surprise; for, kissing the scarred palm with tender respect, her lover said:

"To me it is the finest and the dearest hand in the world. I know the brave story, and I've seen the good this generous hand is never tired of doing. I want it for my own. Will you give it to me, dear?"

Abby must have answered "yes"; for she wore a new ring under her own glove that night, and danced as if there were wings on the heels of her pink shoes.

Whether the button ever got sewed on or not, no one knows; but that bit of needlework was even more successful than the other small job, for

in due time there was a second wedding, without a fire, and Abby went away to a happy home of her own, leaving sister Lucy to fill her place and be the most loving and faithful of daughters to her benefactors while they lived.

Long years afterward, when she had children and grandchildren about her, listening to the true old stories that are the best, Abby used to say, with her own cheerful laugh:

"My father and mother taught me many useful lessons, but none more valuable than those I learned that year; and I may honestly say that patience, perseverance, courage, friendship and love came out of that silk stocking. So let me give you this bit of advice: Don't despise little things, my dears!"

THE SONG OF THE ROLLER SKATES.

By A. C.

(The Start.)

Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left, to the right;
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
On our rollers so bright!
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
All a-gliding along;
Swoop-a-hoo! here we go;
With a roller-skate song!

Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
All the children in town
Whizzing down, whizzing down!

(The Turn.)

Slower now. Have a care!
Here's the corner,—beware!
See the curb! It is near;
We must carefully steer.

Sweep around, one and all!
Make the curve,—do not fall!
—That was gracefully done.
Hurrah for the fun!

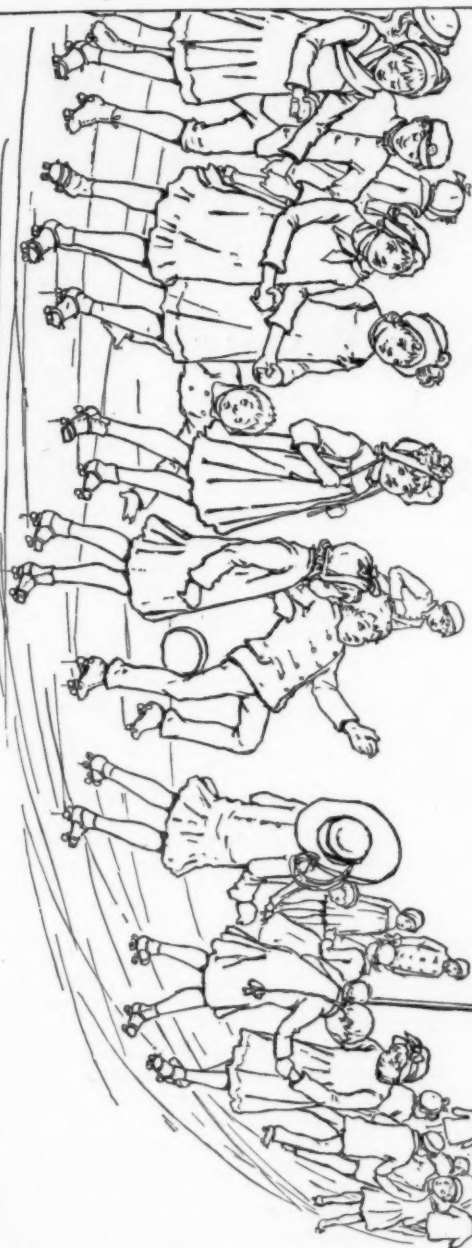
Whiz-a-whir! whiz-a-whir!
What a rush, what a stir!
Every child on the track
Whizzing back! whizzing back!

(Home again.)

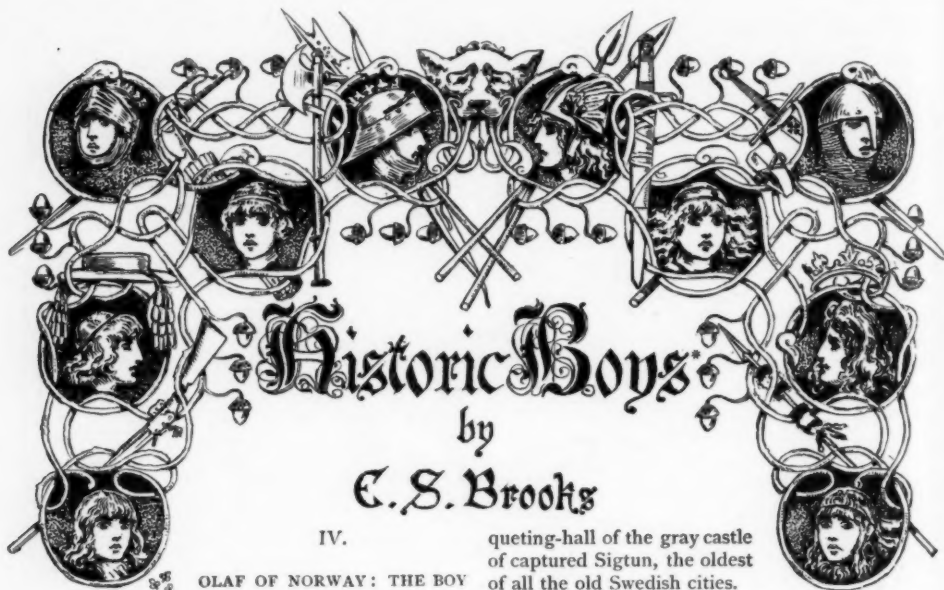
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
To the left,—to the right.
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!
All aglow with delight!
Swoop-a-hoo! who's ahead?
Well, they're all nearly there.
Swoop-a-hoo! cheeks so red;
Full of laughter, the air!
Swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo! swoop-a-hoo!

Our Roller Skating Brigade.

To skim o'er the ice
 Were a thing very nice,
 Could we leave Jack Frost behind us;
 But to skate on wheels
 More joy reveals,
 For now he cannot find us.



Rose Mueller



IV.

OLAF OF NORWAY: THE BOY
VIKING.[Afterward *King Olaf II., of Norway.*]

A. D. 1030.

OLD RANE, the helmsman, whose fierce mustaches and shaggy shoulder-mantle made him look like some grim old northern wolf, held high in air the great bison-horn filled with foaming mead.

"Skool to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!"† rose his exultant shout. From a hundred sturdy throats the cry reëchoed till the vaulted hall of the Swedemen's conquered castle rang again.

"Skool to the Viking! Hael; was-hael!" and in the center of that throng of mail-clad men and tossing spears, standing firm and fearless upon the interlocked and uplifted shields of three stalwart fighting-men, a stout-limbed lad of scarce thirteen, with flowing light-brown hair and flushed and eager face, brandished his sword vigorously in acknowledgment of the jubilant shout that rang once again through the dark and smoke-stained hall, "Was-hael to the sea-wolf's son! Skool to Olaf the King!"

A fierce and warlike shout, boys and girls, to be given in honor of so young a lad. But those were fierce and warlike days when men were stirred by the recital of bold and daring deeds—those old, old days, eight hundred years ago, when Olaf, the boy viking, the pirate chief of a hundred mail-clad men, stood upon the uplifted shields of his exultant fighting-men in the heavy-raftered ban-

queting-hall of the gray castle of captured Sigtun, the oldest of all the old Swedish cities.

Take your atlas and, turning to the map of Sweden, place your finger on the city of Stockholm. Do you notice that it lies at the easterly end of a large lake? That is the Maelar, beautiful with winding channels, pine-covered islands, and rocky shores. It is peaceful and quiet now, and palace and villa and quaint northern farm-house stand unmolested on its picturesque borders. But channels, and islands, and rocky shores have echoed and reëchoed with the war-shouts of many a fierce sea-rover since those far-off days when Olaf, the boy viking, and his Norwegian ships of war plowed through the narrow sea-strait, and ravaged the fair shores of the Maelar with fire and sword.

Stockholm, the "Venice of the North," as it is called, was not then in existence; and little now remains of old Sigtun save ruined walls. But travelers may still see the three tall towers of the ancient town, and the great stone-heap, alongside which young Olaf drew his ships of war, and over which his pirate crew swarmed into Sigtun town, and planted the victorious banner of the golden serpent upon the conquered walls.

For this fair young Olaf came of hardy Norse stock. His father, Harald Graenske, or "Grey-mantle," one of the tributary kings of Norway, had fallen a victim to the torture of the haughty Swedish queen; and now his son, a boy of scarce thirteen, but a warrior already by training and from desire, came to avenge his father's death. His

† "Hail and Health to the Viking!"

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mother, the queen Aasta, equipped a large dragon-ship or war-vessel for her adventurous son, and with the lad, as helmsman and guardian, was sent old Rane, whom men called "the far-traveled," because he had sailed westward as far as England and southward to Nörvasund (by which name they then knew the Straits of Gibraltar). Boys toughened quickly in those stirring days, and this lad who, because he was commander of a dragon-ship, was called Olaf the King,—though he had no land to rule,—was of viking blood, and quickly learned the trade of war. Already, among the rocks and sands of Sodermann, upon the Swedish coast, he had won his first battle over a superior force of Danish war-vessels.

Other ships of war joined him; the name of Olaf the Brave was given him by right of daring deeds, and "Skoal to the Viking!" rang from the sturdy throats of his followers as the little sea-king was lifted in triumph upon the battle-dented shields.

But a swift runner bursts into the gray hall of Sigtun. "To your ships, O King; to your ships!" he cries. "Olaf, the Swedish king, men say, is planting a forest of spears along the sea-strait, and, except ye push out now, ye may not get out at all!"

The nimble young chief sprang from the up-raised shields.

"To your ships, Vikings, all!" he shouted. Up with the serpent banner, and away!"

Straight across the lake to the sea-strait, near where Stockholm now stands, the vikings sailed, young Olaf's dragon-ship taking the lead. But all too late; for, across the narrow strait, the Swedish king had stretched great chains, and had filled up the channel with stocks and stones.

The boy viking stood by his dragon-headed prow, and shook his clenched fist at the obstructed sea-strait and the Swedish spears.

"Shall we then land, Rane, and fight our way through?" he asked.

"Fight our way through?" said old Rane, who had been in many another tight place in his years of sea-roving, but none so close as this. "Why, King, they be a hundred to one!"

"Well, may we not cut these chains, then?" said impetuous Olaf.

"As soon think of cutting the solid earth, King," said the helmsman.

"So; and why not, then?" young Olaf exclaimed, struck with a brilliant idea. "Ho, Sigvat," he said, turning to one of his men, "what was that lowland under the cliff which thou didst tell me of?"

"T is called the fen of Agnefit, O King," replied the man, pointing toward where it lay.

"Why, then, my Rane," asked the boy, "may we not cut our way out through that lowland fen to the open sea and liberty?"

"T is Olaf's own device," cried the delighted helmsman, catching at his young chief's plan. "Ho, war-wolves all, bite ye your way through the Swedish fens! Up with the serpent banner, and farewell to Olaf the Swede!"

It seemed a narrow chance, but it was the only one. And so, in the dead of night the Swedish captives and stout Norse oarsmen were set to work, and before day-break an open cut had been made in the lowlands beneath Agnefit, or the "Rock of King Agne," where, by the town of Södertelje, the vikings' canal is still shown to travelers; the waters of the lake came rushing through the cut, and an open sea-strait waited young Olaf's fleet.

A strong breeze blew astern; the Norse rowers steered the cumbrous ships with their long oars, and with a mighty rush, through the new canal and over all the shallows, out into the great Norrström, or North Stream, as the Baltic Sea was called, the fleet passed in safety while the loud war-horns blew the notes of triumph.

So the boy viking escaped from the trap of the Swedish king, and then away he sailed to Gotland, to Finland, and at last, "through the wild sea" to Denmark, where he met a brother viking, one Thorkell the Tall. The two chiefs struck up a sort of partnership; and coasting southward along the western shores of Denmark, they won a sea-fight in the Ringkiobing fiord, among the "sand hills of Jutland." And so business continued brisk with this curiously matched pirate firm—a giant and a boy—until, under the cliffs of Kinlimma, in Friesland, hasty word came to the boy viking that the English king, Ethelred "The Unready," was calling for the help of all sturdy fighters to win back his heritage and crown from young king Cnut, or Canute the Dane, whose father had seized the throne of England. Instantly, Olaf, the ever ready, hoisted his blue and crimson sails and steered his war-ships over sea to help King Ethelred, the never ready. Up the Thames and straight for London town he rowed.

"Hail to the serpent banner! Hail to Olaf the Brave!" said King Ethelred, as the war-horns sounded a welcome; and on the low shores of the Isle of Dogs, just below the old city, the keels of the Norse war-ships grounded swiftly, and the boy viking and his followers leaped ashore. "Thou dost come in right good time with thy trusty dragon-ships, young King," said King Ethelred; "for the Danish robbers are full well entrenched in London town and in my father Edgar's castle."

And then he told Olaf how, "in the great trading place which is called Southwark," the Danes

had raised "a great work and dug large ditches, and within had builded a bulwark of stone, timber and turf, where they had stationed a large army."

"And we would fain have taken this bulwark," added the King, "and did in sooth bear down upon it with a great assault; but indeed we could make naught of it."

"And why not?" asked the young viking.

"Because," said King Ethelred, "upon the bridge betwixt the castle and Southwark have the ravaging Danes raised towers and parapets, breast high, and thence they did cast down stones and weapons upon us so that we could not prevail. And now, Sea-King, what dost thou counsel? How may we avenge ourselves of our enemies and win the town?"

Impetuous as ever, and impatient of obstacles, the young viking said, "How? why, pull thou down this bridge, King, and then may ye have free river-way to thy castle."

"Break down great London Bridge, young hero?" cried the amazed king. "How may that be? Have we a Duke Samson among us to do so great a feat?"

"Lay me thy ships alongside mine, King, close to this barricaded bridge," said the valorous boy, "and I will vow to break it down, or ye may call me caitiff and coward."

"Be it so," said Ethelred, the English king; and all the war-chiefs echoed, "be it so!" So Olaf and his trusty Rane made ready the war forces for the destruction of the bridge.

Old London Bridge was not what we should now call an imposing structure, but our ancestors of eight centuries back esteemed it quite a bridge. The chronicler says that it was "so broad that two wagons could pass each other upon it," and "under the bridge were piles driven into the bottom of the river."

So young Olaf and old Rane put their heads together, and decided to wreck the bridge by a bold viking stroke. And this is how it is told in the "Heimskringla," or Saga of King Olaf:

"King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel bands, and for this he took down old houses; and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships so widely that it reached over the ships' sides. Under this screen he set pillars, so high and stout that there both was room for swinging their swords, and the roofs were strong enough to withstand the stones cast down upon them."

"Now, out oars and pull for the bridge," young Olaf commanded; and the roofed-over war-ships were rowed close up to London Bridge.

And as they came near the bridge, the chronicler says, "there were cast upon them, by the Danes upon the bridge, so many stones and missile weapons, such as arrows and spears, that nei-

ther helmet nor shield could hold out against it; and the ships themselves were so greatly damaged that many retreated out of it."

But the boy viking and his Norsemen were there for a purpose, and were not to be driven back by stones or spears or arrows. Straight ahead they rowed, "quite up under the bridge."

"Out cables, all, and lay them around the piles," the young sea-king shouted; and the strong, brave rowers, unshipping their oars, reached out under the roofs and passed the stout cables twice around the wooden supports of the bridge. The loose end was made fast to a cleat in the stern of each vessel, and then, turning and heading down stream, King Olaf's twenty stout war-ships waited his word.

"Out oars!" he cried; "pull, war-birds! Pull all, as if ye were for Norway!"

Forward and backward swayed the stout Norse rowers; tighter and tighter pulled the cables; fast down upon the straining war-ships rained the Danish spears and stones; but the wooden piles under the great bridge were loosened by the steady tug of the cables, and soon with a sudden spurt the Norse war-ships darted down the river, while the slackened cables towed astern the captured piles of London Bridge. A great shout went up from the besiegers, and "now," says the chronicle, "as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones and other weapons upon it, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled—some into the castle, some into Southwark." And before King Ethelred, "The Unready," could pull his ships to the attack, young Olaf's fighting-men had sprung ashore, and, storming the Southwark earthworks, carried all before them, and the Battle of London Bridge was won.

So King Ethelred won back his kingdom, and the boy viking was honored above all others. To him was given the chief command in perilous expeditions against the Danes, and the whole defense of all the coast of England. North and south along the coast he sailed with all his war-ships, and Danes and Englishmen long remembered the dashing but dubious ways of this young sea-rover, who swept the English coast and claimed his dues from friend and foe alike. For those were days of insecurity for merchant and trader and farmer, and no man's wealth or life was safe except as he paid ready tribute to the fierce Norse allies of King Ethelred. But soon after this, King Ethelred died, and young Olaf, thirsting for new adventures, sailed away to the south and fought his way all along the French coast as far as the mouth of the river Garonne. Many castles he captured; many rival vikings subdued; much spoil he gath-

ered; until at last his dragon-ships lay moored under the walls of old Bordeaux, waiting for fair winds to take him around to the Straits of Gibraltar, and so on "to the land of Jerusalem."

One day, in the booty-filled "fore-hold" of his dragon-ship, the young sea-king lay asleep; and suddenly, says the old record, "he dreamt a wondrous dream."

"Olaf, great head of kings, attend!" he heard a deep voice call; and, looking up, the dreamer seemed to see before him "a great and important man, but of a terrible appearance withal."

"If that thou art Olaf the Brave, as men do call thee," said the vision, "turn thyself to nobler deeds than vikings' ravaging and this wandering cruise. Turn back, turn back from thy purposeless journey to the land of Jerusalem, where neither honor nor fame awaits thee. Son of King Harald, return thee to thy heritage; for thou shalt be King over all Norway."

Then the vision vanished and the young rover awoke to find himself alone, save for the sleeping foot-boy across the cabin door-way. So he quickly summoned old Rane, the helmsman, and told his dream.

"'T was for thy awakening, King," said his stout old follower. "'T was the great Olaf, thine uncle, Olaf Trygvesson the King, that didst call thee. Win Norway, King, for the portent is that thou and thine shall rule thy fatherland."

And the war-ships' prows were all turned northward again, as the boy viking, following the promise of his dream, steered homeward for Norway and a throne.

Now in Norway Earl Eric was dead. For thirteen years he had usurped the throne that should have been filled by one of the great King Olaf's line; and, at his death, his handsome young son, Earl Hakon the Fair, ruled in his father's stead. And when young King Olaf heard this news, he shouted for joy and cried to Rane:

"Now, home in haste, for Norway shall be either Hakon's heritage or mine!"

"'T is a fair match of youth 'gainst youth," said the trusty helmsman; "and if but fair luck go with thee, Norway shall be thine!"

So, from "a place called Furovald," somewhere between the mouths of Humber and of Tees, on the English coast, King Olaf, with but two stout war-ships and two hundred and twenty "well-armed and chosen persons," shook out his purple sails to the North Sea blasts, and steered straight for Norway.

And now news comes that Earl Hakon, with a single war-ship, is steering north from Sogne Fiord; and Olaf, pressing on, lays his two ships on either side of a narrow strait, or channel, in Sandunga

Sound. Here he stripped his ships of all their war-gear, and stretched a great cable deep in the water, across the narrow strait. Then he wound the cable ends around the capstans, ordered all his fighting-men out of sight, and waited for his rival. Soon Earl Hakon's war-ship, crowded with rowers and fighting-men, entered the strait. Seeing, as he supposed, but two harmless merchant-vessels lying on either side of the channel, the young earl bade his rowers pull between the two. Suddenly there is a stir on the quiet merchant-vessels. The capstan bars are manned; the sunken cable is drawn taut. Up goes the stern of Earl Hakon's entrapped war-ship; down plunges her prow into the waves, and the water pours into the doomed boat. A loud shout is heard; the quiet merchant-vessels swarm with mail-clad men, and the air is filled with a shower of stones, and spears, and arrows. The surprise is complete. Tighter draws the cable; over topples Earl Hakon's vessel, and he and all his men are among the billows struggling for life. "So," says the record, "King Olaf took Earl Hakon and all his men whom they could get hold of out of the water and made them prisoners; but some were killed and some were drowned."

Into the "fore-hold" of the King's ship the captive earl was led a prisoner, and there the young rivals for Norway's crown faced each other. The two lads were of nearly the same age, — between sixteen and seventeen, — and young Earl Hakon was considered the handsomest youth in all Norway. His helmet was gone, his sword was lost, his ring-steel suit was sadly disarranged, and his long hair, "fine as silk," was "bound about his head with a gold ornament." Fully expecting the fate of all captives in those cruel days, — instant death, — the young earl nevertheless faced his boy conqueror proudly, resolved to meet his fate like a man.

"They speak truth who say of the house of Eric that ye be handsome men," said the King, studying his prisoner's face. "But now, Earl, even though thou be fair to look upon, thy luck hath failed thee at last."

"Fortune changes," said the young earl. "We both be boys; and thou, King, art perchance the shrewder youth. Yet, had we looked for such a trick as thou hast played upon us, we had not thus been tripped upon thy sunken cables. Better luck next time."

"Next time!" echoed the King; "dost thou not know, Earl, that as thou standest there, a prisoner, there may be no 'next time' for thee?"

The young captive understood full well the meaning of the words. "Yes, King," he said; "it must be only as thou mayst determine. Man can die but once. Speak on; I am ready!" But

Olaf said: "What wilt thou give me, Earl, if at this time I do let thee go, whole and unhurt?"

"Nothing," said the generous young viking, advancing nearer to his handsome rival. "As



"SKOAL TO THE VIKING!"

"'T is not what I may give, but what thou mayst take, King," the earl made answer. "I am thy prisoner; what wilt thou take to free me?"

thou did'st say, we both be boys, and life is all before us. Earl, I give thee thy life, do thou but take oath before me to leave this my realm of

Norway, to give up thy kingdom, and never to do battle against me hereafter."

The conquered earl bent his fair young head. "Thou art a generous chief, King Olaf," he said. "I take my life as thou dost give it, and all shalt be as thou wilt."

So Earl Hakon took the oath, and King Olaf righted his rival's capsized war-ship, refitted it from his own stores of booty, and thus the two lads parted; the young earl sailing off to his uncle, King Canute, in England, and the boy viking hastening eastward to Vigen, where lived his mother, the Queen Aasta, whom he had not seen for full five years.

It is harvest-time in the year 1014. Without and within the long, low house of Sigurd Syr, at Vigen, all is excitement; for word has come that Olaf the sea-king has returned to his native land, and is even now on his way to this, his mother's house. Gay stuffs decorate the dull walls of the great-room, clean straw covers the earth-floor, and upon the long, four-cornered tables is spread a mighty feast of mead and ale and coarse but hearty food, such as the old Norse heroes drew their strength and muscle from. At the door-way stands the Queen Aasta and her maidens, while before the entrance, with thirty "well-clothed men," waits young Olaf's step-father, wise Sigurd Syr, gorgeous in a jeweled suit, a scarlet cloak, and a glittering golden helmet. The watchers on the house-tops hear a distant shout, now another and nearer one, and soon, down the highway, they catch the gleam of steel and the waving of many banners; and now they can distinguish the stalwart forms of Olaf's chosen hundred men, their shining coats of ring-mail, their foreign helmets, and their crossleted shields flashing in the sun. In the very front rides old Rane, the helmsman, bearing the great white banner blazoned with the golden serpent, and, behind him, cased in golden armor, his long brown hair flowing over his sturdy shoulders, rides the boy viking, Olaf of Norway.

It was a brave home-coming; and as the stout young hero, leaping from his horse, knelt to receive his mother's welcoming kiss, the people shouted for joy, the banners waved, and the warriors played their loudest.

The hero of nine great sea-fights, and of many

smaller ones, before he was seventeen, young Olaf Haraldson was a remarkable boy, even in the days when all boys aimed to be battle-trying heroes. Toughened in frame and fiber by his five years of sea-roving, he had become strong and self-reliant, a man in action though but a boy in years.

"I am come," he said to his mother and his step-father, "to take the heritage of my forefathers. But not from Danish nor from Swedish kings will I supplicate that which is mine by right. Either I shall bring all this kingdom of Norway under my rule, or I shall fall here upon my inheritance in the land of my fathers."

These were bold words for a boy of seventeen. But they were not idle boastings. Before a year had passed, young Olaf's pluck and courage had won the day, and in harvest-time, in the year 1015, being then but little more than eighteen years old, he was crowned King of Norway in the Drontheim, or "Throne-home," of Nidaros, the royal city, now called on your atlas the city of Drontheim. For fifteen years King Olaf the Second ruled his realm of Norway. The old record says that he was "a good and very gentle man"; but history shows his goodness and gentleness to have been of a rough and savage kind. The wild and stern experiences of his viking days lived again even in his attempts to reform and benefit his land. When he who had himself been a pirate tried to put down piracy, and he who had been a wild young robber sought to force all Norway to become Christian, he did these things in so fierce and cruel a way that at last his subjects rebelled, and King Canute came over with a great army to wrest the throne from him. On the bloody field of Stiklestad, July 29, 1030, the stern King Olaf fell.

So King Canute conquered Norway; but after his death, Olaf's son, Magnus the Good, regained his father's throne. The people, sorrowful at their rebellion against King Olaf, forgot his stern and cruel ways, and magnified all his good deeds mightily. And, after King Magnus died, his descendants ruled in Norway for nearly four hundred years; and thus was brought to pass the promise of the dream that, in the "fore-hold" of the great dragon-ship, under the walls of old Bordeaux, came so many years before to the daring and sturdy young Olaf of Norway, the Boy Viking.



"LOOK OUT, THERE!"

MARVIN AND HIS BOY HUNTERS.*

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

CONSIDERING THE QUESTION.

TWO strong, fair-haired, blue-eyed boys approached their father as he sat by his pleasant library window reading.

"Father," said the older boy, a youth of about fifteen years of age, "we have something very serious, Hugh and I, that we wish to submit to you."

"And what is it, Neil?" inquired Mr. Burton, lifting his kind eyes from his book, and looking first at Neil and then at Hugh, as they stood flushed and excited before him.

"We wish you would let us go to a new sort of school," said Neil.

"And what sort of school is it?" Mr. Burton demanded, in his usual cheery tone.

"Oh, it's a shooting school," cried Hugh, who was a quick, impulsive boy; "it's going to be immense, so Tom Dale says, and Ed Jones is going, and ——"

"Hold on, Hugh," said Neil, gently interrupting him; "let me explain the whole thing to father, so that he can understand. You see, there's a man who has a shooting-gallery ——"

A decided frown from Mr. Burton cut Neil's enthusiastic description short. For more than a year the boys had been begging for a gun, and the kind father had exhausted his ingenuity in the effort to invent a sufficient number of excuses for not promptly meeting their desires. In fact, Mr. Burton did not like guns himself, and was very much opposed to allowing boys to handle firearms. As is the case in most villages, there had been in Belair, where our story begins, two or three distressing accidents through the careless-

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ness of boys with guns, and it made a chill creep up the father's back to think of trusting one of his dear boys to the chances of such dangers. Of course, Neil and Hugh did not stop to reason about the matter. Other boys had guns. Only the day before, George Roberts, a young playmate of theirs, had brought in half a dozen meadow-larks, killed with his single-barreled shotgun at his father's country-place. They had listened to George's enthusiastic description of his day's sport, until that night they dreamed it all over again.

"It hardly seems fair that we can't have such fun," Hugh had said to Neil, after George had gone.

"Of course, father is right," said Neil, who was a proud, honorable boy; "but I don't see why guns can't be made safe for boys."

"They are safe," insisted Hugh. "I know perfectly well that I'd never hurt myself or any one else with a gun if I had one. What's the use of being careless? I don't see any excuse for all these accidents."

"That's what I say, too," said Neil. "If you keep the muzzle of the gun pointed away from yourself, how is it going to shoot you, I'd like to know?"

But a man had fitted up a "shooting school" in the village, and the boys were all anxious to go. For five cents, a boy could shoot three times at a target; and the big-lettered bills posted here and there announced that extreme care would be taken to prevent accident. "Surely," thought Neil and Hugh, "Father will not object to our trying our hands once or twice in a safe shooting school."

But Mr. Burton did object very promptly, and in a tone so decided that the boys turned dolefully away. He called them back, however, and explained to them that a shooting gallery was a place where all sorts of rough fellows congregated, some of whom would bet and swear; that it was no place for good boys.

"I did n't know that," said Neil; "I thought it would be all right, and—and, I—I wanted to learn to shoot, like other boys."

Mr. Burton looked steadily at the boys. He was a very kind man, and loved his children dearly. It was because he loved them that he had so long refused to allow them to have a gun. He had always believed that a dog and a gun could ruin any boy, especially if the boy had his own way. No doubt, in a measure, he was right. Boys need the directing care of grown-up men in almost everything, particularly where danger is involved and some fearful accident may result from the slightest mismanagement.

"Boys, will nothing satisfy you but guns?"

Mr. Burton said this in a hopeless sort of tone that brought a quick flush to Neil's cheek.

"I don't believe I can ever be satisfied without a gun," eagerly exclaimed Hugh.

"Well, I can," said Neil, proudly. "If it is n't right for me to have a gun, I'll try and not want one."

"But it is right," insisted Hugh, going nearer Mr. Burton. "All the boys that amount to anything have guns. Philo Lucas has a double-barreled one."

Neil was amazed at Hugh's energetic way of pushing the matter; he looked at Mr. Burton to see how it impressed him.

"I heard a man say not long ago," remarked the father, "that he thought he should have to prosecute Philo Lucas."

"Oh! What for?" both boys inquired in a breath.

"For killing robins and meadow-larks, which is against the law."

"Meadow-larks! Is it unlawful to shoot meadow-larks?" cried Hugh.

"Yes; and all other insect-eating birds not in the list of game-birds," replied Mr. Burton.

The boys looked at each other as it flashed into their minds that George Roberts was a law-breaker and liable to be fined or imprisoned for killing those meadow-larks.

"But we won't shoot any of those little birds," Hugh hurried to say; "we'll shoot quails and ducks and snipe and——"

"What will we shoot them with?" said Neil, smiling rather grimly.

"Oh, but Papa will buy us some guns! Wont you, Papa?" cried the enthusiastic Hugh.

Mr. Burton rose and put his book on a table. His face wore a troubled expression. It was plain to him that a crisis in his boys' lives had been reached, and that they must be helped safely over it.

One thing was sure, he could not consent to allow Neil and Hugh to be running over the country with guns in their hands, with no safe person to direct and restrain them.

He walked back and forth for a while, the boys eying him half hopefully, half despairingly. Presently he said:

"Neil, will you and Hugh promise me that, if I consider this question of guns carefully and conscientiously with a view to your best interests, you will cheerfully abide by my decision?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Hugh in a second; "and I want mine a double-barrel, with engraved locks, and a pistol-grip to the stock!"

Mr. Burton smiled in spite of the gravity of the situation. Neil laughed, too, at Hugh's sanguine forwardness.

"I shall want ten days of time to study this subject," said Mr. Burton; "and at the end of that time, I shall decide guns or no guns, and the matter is then to be at final rest."

"Yes, sir," said Neil; "I shall be satisfied with your decision, for I know that you know best."

"Oh, papa, but you must n't decide against us. I do want a gun so much, and I'll be so careful!" cried Hugh, almost trembling.

Mr. Burton dismissed his sons, promising to study the subject of guns for boys' very carefully, and to let them know his conclusion at the end of ten days. He was a conscientious, prudent man, full of keen sympathies with the tastes of healthy boys, and he greatly desired to give the fullest scope consistent with safety to the development of strong, manly natures in Neil and Hugh. He had never been able to join in any field-sports himself, owing to a lame knee, and consequently he knew very little about guns or their use. He had often imagined, however, what excitement there must be in following the beves of game-birds from field to field in the crisp autumn weather, or in flushing the swift-winged woodcock from marshy thickets in July. He had the sportsman's instincts, but his unfortunate lameness had shut off from him any active participation in the sportsman's pleasures. This, no doubt, served to strengthen his desire to see his boys have all the freedom that the accident of his life had denied to him.

So Mr. Burton began a systematic examination of the subject of allowing boys to learn the use of fire-arms. He consulted with sportsmen on one hand, and with men who opposed field-sports on the other hand. He carefully weighed all the arguments of both sides. He tried to make of himself an impartial judge; but it was no easy matter. His solicitude for the welfare of his sons, the well-known danger of fire-arms, the tendency of too much indulgence in field-sports toward idleness and an unambitious life, and the earnest protest of some of his most trusted friends against allowing boys to have guns, would overbear his desire to please Neil and Hugh.

When the ten days had passed, the decision had been reached, however, and what it was will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE CHARLEY FROM TENNESSEE.

WHILE Mr. Burton was in the depth of his dilemma about guns, his brother Charles, whom Neil and Hugh had always called Uncle Charley, came, on a visit, from his plantation home in Tennessee. It was the day before the end of the time

for Mr. Burton's decision when Uncle Charley arrived, bringing his gun with him. Almost the first thing he said was:

"How far is it to the nearest prairie? Are the prairie-chickens as plentiful as usual this season?"

He was an inveterate sportsman. Neil and Hugh were delighted. They felt sure that Uncle Charley would use his influence with their father in favor of letting them learn to shoot.

He was a tall, dark man with a long mustache and curly black hair, very kind and gentle in his manner, and exceedingly fond of boys, though he was a bachelor. Of course, he had a great deal to talk about with Mr. Burton before he could find time to say much to Neil and Hugh, who were longing to draw him out upon the subject nearest their hearts. But Hugh, who was always inclined to be irrepressible, would manage now and then to slip in a word or two about guns and hunting. Neil, who was older and steadier, wisely held his tongue.

It was a moment of breathless interest when Mr. Burton, without any preliminaries whatever, suddenly said to his brother in the hearing of the boys:

"Charles, I have a gun question that I must settle for Neil and Hugh, and I want your advice."

"Well," said Uncle Charley, blandly, "what is the nature of the question?"

"Are the boys large enough to be trusted with shot-guns? Ought they to be allowed to have them?"

Mr. Burton put these questions with intense gravity of voice and manner. Uncle Charley looked at Neil and Hugh, and smilingly shook his head.

"Rather small, rather small," he promptly replied.

Neil turned pale, and the tears actually jumped into Hugh's eyes.

"That is just my opinion," said Mr. Burton; "I have been considering the matter for some days. The boys have been asking me to buy them guns. They promised to stand manfully by my decision, and I am glad that you, who know so much about guns and shooting, have helped to confirm me in my first impression."

"The boys are rather small," said Uncle Charley, reflectively; "but I don't know,—they look like careful, sensible lads. How old are you, Neil?"

"I am past fifteen, sir," the boy replied, with a touch of pride in his tone.

"And I'm thirteen, going on fourteen," cried Hugh.

A tender, sympathetic light had come into Uncle Charley's face. He fully appreciated the hopes

and fears of his young kinsmen. He had the feelings of a big grown-up boy himself.

"Suppose we sleep over this question," he said to Mr. Burton, "and possibly we may see through it more clearly in the morning."

By this time, Hugh's heart was jumping and thumping so, that he was sure Uncle Charley would hear it. As for Neil, he gave Uncle Charley a grateful look, which was perfectly understood.

That night, the boys lay in their bed and talked over the probabilities.

"Oh, I'm sure we'll get our guns now," said Hugh. "Uncle Charley is on our side; I saw that; and he'll have influence with papa."

"If father has n't already made up his mind, you are right," assented Neil; "but if he has determined against us, Uncle Charley never can change him."

"It would be too bad if all our hopes and plans should fall through now, would n't it?" said Hugh.

"Yes, but we'd really be no worse off. We've always had a good time, you know," philosophized Neil.

Greatly to the disappointment of the boys, neither Mr. Burton nor Uncle Charley mentioned guns or shooting next morning. Quite early, the gentlemen drove away from the house, and did not return until late in the afternoon. Then some friends came to dine, and the boys had to go to bed again without any further information.

"They have gone and forgotten all about it," grumbled Hugh. "It's just like men; they don't think a boy worth noticing."

"It does look as if we are in for a little disappointment," said Neil; "but there's no way of helping it that I see. We'll just have to wait and be contented with what we have."

"But I can't be contented, and it's no use trying," cried Hugh. "It does seem too bad for anything."

"I guess father had made up his mind sound and solid before Uncle Charley came," said Neil, "and so the matter will be dropped right where it is."

"Why, I thought I could almost feel a gun in my hands when Uncle Charley said, 'Suppose we sleep over this question,' to papa. I was perfectly sure it was all right then; were n't you, Neil?" rejoined Hugh.

So two or three days passed by, until at last, one morning, Uncle Charley had everything ready to go to the prairie to hunt prairie-chickens. Then, all of a sudden, he said to Neil, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"How would you and Hugh like to go along with me?"

Hugh jumped as if something had stung him, and Neil was quite as much surprised.

"I should like it ever so much," the latter replied.

"But we have n't any guns," exclaimed Hugh.

"Oh, well, you can watch me shoot, and you can carry game for me, and help drive the wagon," said Uncle Charley, cheerfully. "There'll be lots of fun besides shooting."

Of course, the boys did not need a second invitation. Half a loaf was much better than no bread at all. If they could n't have guns of their own, they need not refuse to go and watch Uncle Charley shoot. Then, too, the drive out to the prairie and



a week spent in the open air would be jolly sport. Just how much fun two healthy, good-natured boys can get out of such an excursion can not be exactly measured. There is the sunshine, and there is the blue sky, the grass like a green sea, the vast fields of corn, the cool wind, the freedom—it needs a boy to fully appreciate such things.

Neil and Hugh forgot their disappointment in the matter of the guns, and jumped right into the spirit of the trip to the prairie.

Two wagons had been made ready; one, for the dogs and camp utensils, which was to be driven by a man who was also to serve as cook; and one with springs, for Uncle Charley and the boys.

When they started out of the village, many of their young friends looked wistfully after them, as if they, too, would like to be in the party.

Neil and Hugh waved their hats and shouted good-bye as the wagons clattered over the graveled street past the village store and post-office. They were soon out in the open country, in a wide lane between green hedges, with fields on either hand, and farm-houses showing here and there among the orchards.

It was mid-August and the sun shone fiercely; but a breeze came off the prairie, cool and sweet, smelling of stubble and wild grass.

The horses that drew the wagons were strong, well-fed animals, anxious to go; and Uncle Charley let them trot along briskly, for he, too, was chafing with every moment's delay. He had visions of large coveys of prairie-chickens in his mind, and, with all a Southern sportsman's enthusiasm, was longing to loose his dogs and handle his trusty gun.

Uncle Charley's gun was a breech-loader of the finest English make, with beautiful Damascus steel barrels, engraved lock-plates, walnut stock and rebounding locks. Hugh took it in his hands, and was surprised to find how light it was.

"Why, this gun would just suit me," he exclaimed, in surprise. "I could handle it without any trouble, I'm sure. How much did it cost you, Uncle Charley?"

"Four hundred dollars," was the answer.

"Whew!" whistled Hugh, looking rather wildly at Neil. "No wonder papa don't care about buying us guns! It would take eight hundred dollars to get us one apiece!"

Uncle Charley smiled, all to himself, in a sort of mysterious way, as if he were thinking of something he did not desire to talk about.

Meantime, the wagons clattered along the smooth road, the horses' feet raising a cloud of dust, which shone almost like gold in the early morning sunlight. The big wagon that held the dogs and camp things was behind, and this cloud of dust sometimes nearly hid it from view, the man and the dogs looking, through the film, like those dim figures some artists put into the backgrounds of their sketches.

As they passed along between the farms—those broad, liberal, fertile farms of the West—they saw steam threshing-machines puffing away out in the fields, in the midst of stacks of wheat and rye, where men and boys were working hard in the flying chaff and tumbling straw. The corn was in silk and tassel, and the meadows of timothy had been mowed, the hay-cocks standing thick on the greening stubble. They saw meadow-larks flying about in the bright sunshine or standing in the

tufts of clover, their breasts gleaming like polished brass.

"Why is it against the law to shoot larks and robins?" said Hugh; "I don't see why it's any worse to kill them than it is to kill quails."

"Why is it worse to kill a horse than it is to kill a pig?" inquired Uncle Charley.

"Because a pig's good to eat and a horse is n't," quickly answered Hugh.

"Is n't there a better reason?" said Uncle Charley; "is n't a horse more useful to us as a servant than he would be for food, even if his flesh were delicious?"

"Certainly," said Hugh.

"Well, a meadow-lark is a very useful bird to the farmer. It eats great numbers of insects, eggs, and larvæ that would work great harm to wheat, corn, and orchards; then, its flesh is not very good; while a quail eats grain, and its flesh is excellent food. Do you see the difference?"

"That does seem reasonable," said Hugh; "I had n't thought of it in that way. A meadow-lark is like a horse, it helps the farmer make his crop by destroying bugs and things; and the quail is like a pig, it eats corn and wheat and gets fat, to be killed and eaten."

Uncle Charley laughed.

"I see you apply a theory in a very practical sort of way," he remarked. "But the law protects all kinds of harmless birds, the flesh of which is not profitable for food," he continued, "out of fear of the influence that the mere wanton slaughter of birds would have upon the morals of the people. If a boy is allowed to be cruel as he grows up, he is likely to develop into a dangerous man. I think there is a great difference between a moderate indulgence in field-sports, and the abandonment of one's self to the brutal and indiscriminate slaughter of birds and animals."

They had now reached the edge of the open prairie. As far as they could see, the land rolled away in dull, green billows. The grass was short on the swells and tall in the sloughs. Herds of cattle were scattered from near at hand to where they barely speckled the horizon.

Uncle Charley gave Neil the lines.

"You drive slowly along," he said, "while I work the dogs over some of this ground."

Getting out of the wagon, gun in hand and cartridge-belt around his waist, he motioned to the man to loose the dogs,—two beautiful white and brown setters that knew just what he wanted them to do.

Neil drove slowly along over the grass, for they had left the road, he and Hugh watching Uncle Charley, who was walking briskly after the galloping dogs.

"Look at Don and Belt!" cried Hugh. "Did you ever see more beautiful dogs!"

Don was the larger dog, being tall and strong-limbed, while Belt was slender, nervous, and active. They ran in parallel lines some thirty yards apart, their heads well up and their silky, fringed tails waving like banners.

"Is n't it jolly!" exclaimed Neil, as his excitement overmastered him. "I never saw anything so fine!"

"If we only had guns," said Hugh, leaning over the side of the wagon, "how perfectly happy we would be!"

"Look at Don!" called the man from the camp-wagon.

The big dog had stopped suddenly with his head turned aside and his tail as stiff as a stick. Belt stopped too and looked toward Don.

"He knows what he's about," said the man. "There are prairie-chickens there, sure."

They saw Uncle Charley begin to move more cautiously, holding his gun in front of him. He had not taken many steps when, with a great buzz, up rose a large flock of birds.

Bang! bang! went both barrels of Uncle Charley's gun. The boys

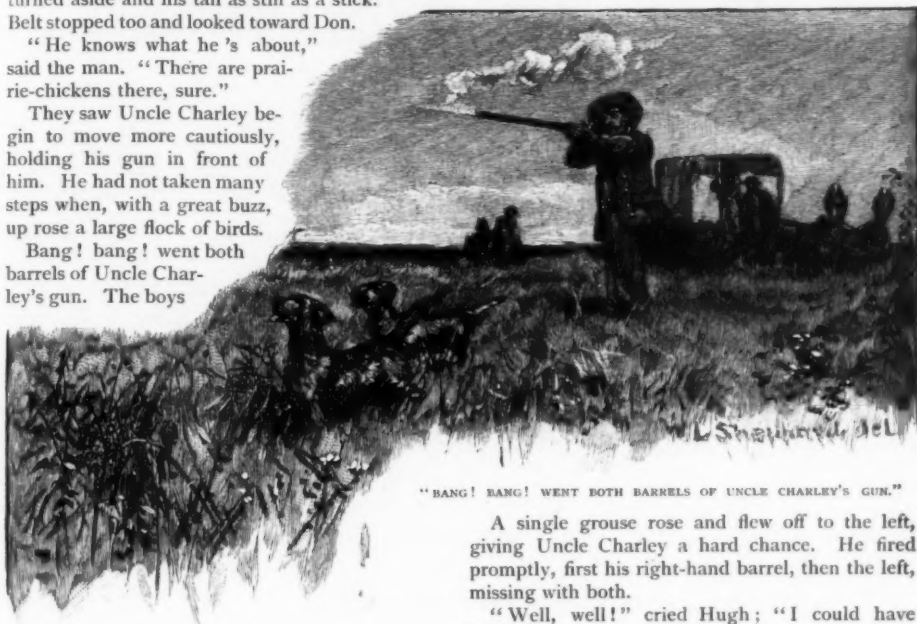
spot where the rest of the flock had settled down in the grass, and so, motioning the dogs forward, he tramped away, reloading his gun as he went. Hugh climbed into the wagon again and Neil drove on.

"What is the naturalist's name for prairie-chicken, Neil?" said Hugh, holding up one of the birds by its wing.

"Pinnated grouse, or *Tetrao cupido*, is what scientific men call the bird," replied Neil, who was rather proud of his ornithological knowledge.

Soon Belt came to a stance and Don "backed" him,—as the man in the wagon said,—that is, Don pointed because he saw Belt point.

Neil stopped the wagon to watch Uncle Charley "flush," or scare up the birds.



"BANG! BANG! WENT BOTH BARRELS OF UNCLE CHARLEY'S GUN."

A single grouse rose and flew off to the left, giving Uncle Charley a hard chance. He fired promptly, first his right-hand barrel, then the left, missing with both.

"Well, well!" cried Hugh; "I could have killed that bird myself!"

Uncle Charley reloaded his gun, and walked on. Another and another bird buzzed up. Bang! bang!—one hit and one miss. The sport now grew intensely exciting. The grouse were just enough scattered to give the gunner a chance to flush them one at a time. When he came back to the wagon, he had eight birds, which, with the two already there, made ten in all.

Neil wished to go and examine the game; but the horses were restless, and he could not leave them. Hugh brought the birds to the wagon, however, so Neil could see what fine, bright-feathered young prairie-cocks they were.

Uncle Charley had marked with his eye the

the dogs had their tongues out, and were panting vigorously.

(To be continued.)



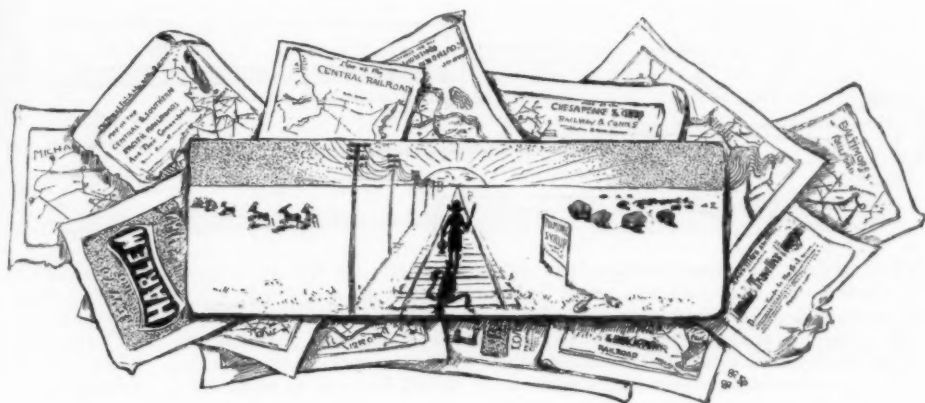
He was walking on the railroad, and the track he closely scanned,
With a red flag, neatly folded, and a lantern in his hand;
And, happening to pass him as I journeyed on my way,
We paused a moment to exchange the greetings of the day.

"My friend, will you inform me," in an anxious tone he said,
"If you have seen a broken rail or misplaced switch ahead?"
And, when I told him I had not, with wonder in my eye,
He showed his disappointment by a plaintive little sigh.

"I'm a hero by profession," he proceeded to explain,
"And it's always been the hobby of my life to save a train;
But, though I've gone on foot across the continent and back,
I never yet have found a thing the matter with the track!

"I've a red flag for the day-time and a lantern for the night,
To wave the very moment that the engine comes in sight;
But, in spite of my endeavors, it's a melancholy fact
That I have n't had a chance yet to perform a noble act!"

And, bidding me good-bye, he slowly sauntered up the ties,
While downward at the shining rails he bent his eager eyes;
And now, whene'er in newspapers a hero's name I see,
I think about my little friend and wonder if it's he!



MAIDEN-HAIR.

By Bessie Chandler.

"What a beautiful plant!" said little Ned,
As he touched it with loving care;
"I never have seen it,—please tell me its name."
And we answered him: "Maiden-hair."

Ned laughed, as he looked at the pretty fern,
The name was so funny and new;
Then said, as he noticed the shiny stems:
"Why, here are the hair-pins, too!"

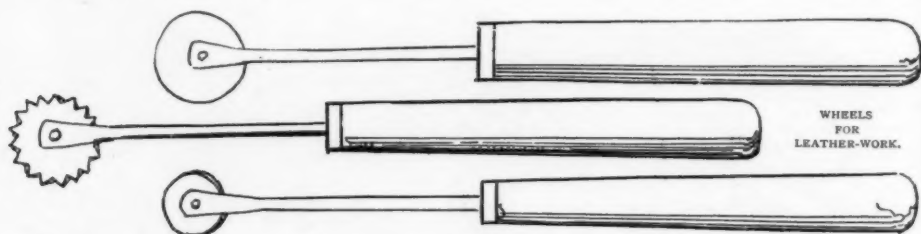
LEATHER-WORK FOR YOUNG FOLK.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

MR. WILLIAM WELLS, in his work on the "Games and Songs of American Children," has observed that there are some sports which have their times and seasons, or which come and go. The same may be said of certain smaller arts. One of these is hammering cold brass, which has come into favor again after being forgotten; and another

two and a half or three dollars, some of this being very beautiful. Those who want pieces, or less than a whole skin, can generally buy them of book-binders, or book-binders' furnishers. They should pick out the thickest.

Hard leather should be soaked a long time. Well-tanned English leather may be kept in water



is leather-work. It is true that there have always been ladies who, in a small way, made bunches of grapes and flowers, and even covered boxes with wet leather, producing results the highest aim of which was to look almost like wood-carving.

But leather-work, properly understood, is a beautiful art in itself, and makes no effort to imitate anything. And it embraces so much and is so varied, that one might almost as well attempt to tell in a few pages all that can be made with wood and how to make it, as with the skins of animals. But I can, in this space at least, describe what is done by children in the Public Industrial Art School of Philadelphia.

Leather has the property of becoming very soft when soaked in water, and growing hard when dried. It will become even harder if alum or salt be added to the water; but this is not necessary for ordinary work. Now, let us suppose that we have an old chair, and would like to cover the seat and back. Or it may be a table, or panels for a door or a cabinet, or the sides of a portfolio or album. Any flat surface whatever may be decorated with this flexible and plastic material. First, of course, get your leather, as Mrs. Glasse is said to have said, but did not say, of the hare in her own edition of her cookery. It may be had for from twenty-five cents up to eighty cents for a skin; but the kind for ordinary, average work generally sells in the cities at retail for from fifty to sixty cents. That which is colored costs from one to

for hours; the ordinary American sheep-skin, such as beginners use, may be wet with a sponge while working, and, in fact, need not be put into the tub at all. Salt and alum are usually dispensed with in simple sheet stamping. When used it should be so as to make a strong solution, say a tea-spoonful of powder to a pint of water.

Pupils must not expect—as almost all do—to make a perfect work of art at a first attempt. There must be some experimenting. The soaking, for instance, must depend on the thickness of the leather.

Do not choose bright-colored and thin leather. It will not take a deep impression, and it will get soiled easily.

For tools, you will want certain small wheels set in handles. Two of these can be had at every shoe-makers' furnisher's. One is the *dot-wheel*, which is like a very thin dime with a milled edge; another is like a *thick* dime; and a third is the pattern, or prick, wheel, like the spur-rowel. These cost twenty-five cents each. They generally have, on either side of the wheel, a square "shoulder," which should be filed down to keep it from bearing into the leather. It is advisable to have one very small wheel made, one-third or one-fourth of an inch in diameter, and set in a handle. This is useful for small curves. What are called flower-wheels, or those with ornaments on them, used by shoe-makers, are also cheap and useful. In time, the pupil will use the large and expensive tooling

wheels and other implements of the book-binder. But what I am now describing is the cheap and easy process once followed in Europe of old, in the days when there was more *art* and less machinery, finish, and expense than at present.



TRACER.

It may happen, however, that the wheeled tools for marking out can not be readily obtained or made. In this case, take a smooth-edged tracing-tool, or tracer, such as is used for metal work. It looks like a large thick nail without a head, but it is made of steel, and the point has an edge exactly like that of a screw-driver. With a little extra pains, all that can be done with the wheel can be effected quite as well with this, the object being simply to mark smooth and deep lines into the wet leather. It is easy to do this with a wheel which rolls over the leather and, at the same time, presses down; it is almost as easy to run the polished edge of a metal tracer along it, but edges of many tools of other substances will catch in the fiber and pull it. While the wheel is a little easier for a beginner to work with and to run perfectly even lines, the tracer can be used to turn corners and make curves which no wheel can describe.

It is, therefore, advisable that every leather-worker should not only have a tracer, but practice with it on waste leather until he or she can, at will, mark out a pattern as easily as with a pen or pencil. This tool should cost from twenty to thirty cents.

The next tools needed are the stamps, corresponding exactly to the mats used to indent, or roughen and depress, the background in *repoussé* or sheet-metal work. These, however, are rougher or deeper, so that when pressed on wet leather

what with a penknife. A very important tool is a flexible ivory or horn paper-knife; or, better still, and indeed far better, a peculiar paper-knife made of india rubber, round at one end and pointed at the other, which may be found in a few shops for ten cents. The use of the flat blade is to smooth out mistakes in the wet leather. With the edge of a very smooth knife, a pattern may be marked out almost as well as with a wheel. It

is possible, therefore, for a really ingenious and skillful worker to make a piece of leather-work with only a paper-knife and a stick notched across the ends; and there is in our school a really well-executed panel made with nothing else.

Having these, you may begin work. Draw your pattern on any kind of paper. Take the leather and soak it, then cut it to the size required and stretch it on a board. A bread-board, costing from thirty to fifty cents, made in three pieces of



STAMPS OR MATS FOR INDENTING THE GROUND.

greenish-yellow-colored poplar, is the least liable of all to warp. If you use any other board, it must have pieces nailed to the back. Poplar resists water. Tack the leather on the edges, but do not stretch it too tightly. If it were tight like a drum, it would draw the pattern out. Lay the paper on the wet leather, after wiping the latter dry with a towel, and then go over it with the prick-wheel, just hard enough to prick through the paper, but not through the leather. Remove the paper



INDIA RUBBER PAPER-KNIFE, USEFUL AS A SMOOTHER.

they make a mark, or surface, like that of morocco. An ingenious person can cut a stamp out of any piece of hard wood. A very good one is sometimes made, as for modeling in clay, by breaking a pine stick in two and leveling the points some-

and the design will be found dotted in the skin. Now take the wheel with a smooth edge like a dime, or the tracer, and tool all the pattern. This is exactly like outlining in *repoussé*. Then, with a stamp and hammer, indent all the ground. You

may finish by going over the outline with a dot-wheel, or else with the smooth-wheel, or tracer, bearing on very strongly.

When it is dry you may, with good black ink, or any dye which accords with the leather, paint the pattern all over. If it is to be merely blackened, the simplest method is to go over the whole with ebonying varnish, which is, when dry, perfectly flexible, and does not crack or peel off. It can be used by itself on the leather; and in that case, the color will be of a very deep rich brown. Leather, to be used for *portières*, hangings, and door-panels, may be treated

in this way with all dyes, or painted, as was once very common. I have an old German book, the cover of which has been thus colored and varnished.

When finished, the outline may be gilt in the

go over it all again. The result will be that the gold will all be in lines of dots.

Another way to stamp the leather is to take a panel of wood, and with gouges carve on it a sunken, or incised, pattern. This is easier to do, with a few hours' practice, than one would suppose. Then, with a dry sponge and the fingers, carefully press the wet leather down into the mold.

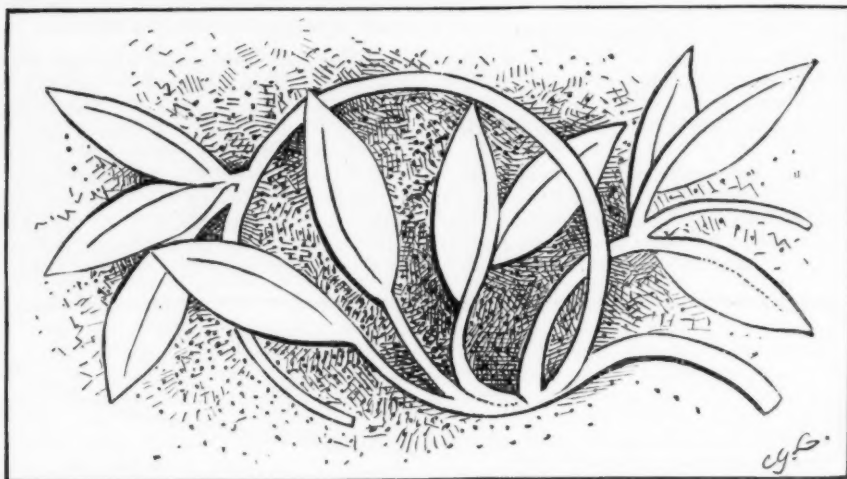
When dry, it may be "served up plain" or colored and gilded. With a single mold you may print off as many impressions as you may need. Tack them on seasoned panels. They may be used for decorating walls,

doors, furniture, or, indeed, any plain surface.

Another way to make these sheets is to have two molds cast in plaster of Paris, one in intaglio, or sunken, the other in relief, exactly fitting it. They



DESIGN FOR A LEATHER CHAIR-SEAT.



PATTERN FOR A FIRST EASY LESSON IN LEATHER-WORK.

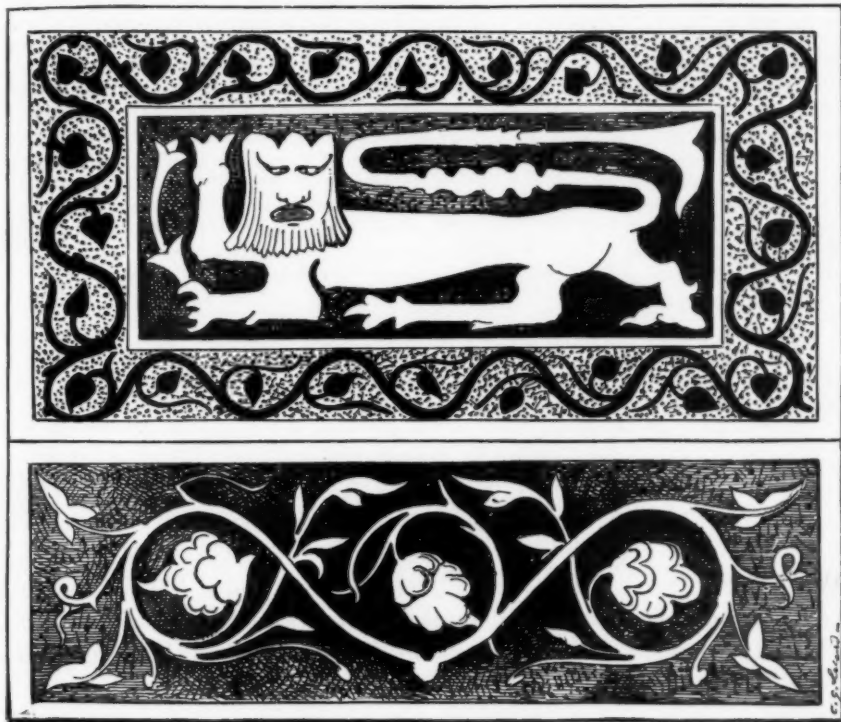
ordinary way with leaf or, if this be beyond the artist's power, by taking any good gold ink and, with a very finely pointed small brush, painting in all the outlines. Then take the dot-wheel and

must be perfectly dried, and then oiled and dried by gentle heat more than once. The wet leather is laid between them. In most cases the upper mold, in relief, may be dispensed with.

The thicker the leather is, the deeper the relief may be. In this, as in all the minor arts, it is, of course, advisable to "finish off" as neatly as possible; but it is far more important to have good designs and show the free and confident touch of an artist. The very great majority of people prefer more *finish*, as in machine-made work, to autographic or, as I may say, *autochiric* touch, which is that which shows the hand of the worker. In the great ages of art, when it was shown in everything, elegant design and autochirism, or the

to detect any joining, particularly if the edge be gilt. As regards wetting down, I may observe that, if possible, the whole pattern should be worked off at one sitting, or while the leather is wet. But if this can not be done, then keep a clean sponge and a small basin of clean water by you, and dampen the leather as you work.

Every book-binder has waste pieces of colored leather which may be used for mosaic. The smallest bits may be used for leaves, ornaments, or portions of work, since, when pasted on, the



PATTERN FOR THE LID AND SIDE OF A BOX.

evidence of the hand itself, were most prized. To work *well*, it is not necessary to have many and expensive tools and costly material; but to do the best you can with what you have.

There is another kind of sheet-leather work called mosaic, or *appliqué*. This consists in cutting out patterns of thin, colored leather, and pasting or gumming them on the ground. Then, the ground and pattern at the edge being slightly wet, the edge is to be tooled down into the leather with the wheel, which has an edge like a dime. If this is done with great care, it will be impossible

seams hardly show, and in large work, as for door-panels, this is of no consequence. If you intend to produce duplicate work, it will be often worth while to have some ornamental patterns cut out of tin or sheet-brass. You can then, with scissors or penknife, cut them out by the stencil. It is not difficult to learn to design patterns. I have known many young ladies to insist that they could *never* learn to do so, who, in a few weeks, succeeded in producing very elegant and original ornaments. Any child of ten or twelve years can soon be taught to combine certain ornaments, so

as to make borders or frames, and then to construct these ornaments on curves. I knew one who, after insisting that she could never learn to design, was induced to try. Between the first of November and the end of May, she not only learned to design and draw, but also to carve oak panels and work in leather. The first thing she designed and executed in leather was a beautiful box in mosaic.

To make such a box, get it first in pine, cherry, or poplar, and then cover it neatly with paper, pasted all over. Then work the leather as I have explained, and paste it on with book-binder's paste. This is made by boiling flour and water, adding a table-spoonful of powdered alum to a cupful of paste, and stirring it constantly while boiling. It will be better to use it about twenty-four hours after boiling. Stir it once or twice every day. A little thin liquid-glue well mixed in will give it greater strength.

To work leather in relief, or to make vases, figures, and similar ornaments, is much more difficult than on the flat sheet. Those who have, however, learned the former will find little difficulty

with the latter. For descriptions of these more advanced processes, I refer the reader to a little Manual of Leather-work, written by me and published by the Art Interchange Company, 140 Nassau street, New York; price 35 cents, by mail. It should be borne in mind that any kind of pattern for any work may be adapted to leather. It has a great deal in common with *repoussé* and panel wood-carving. In both, the object is to bring out a pattern on a plane surface in relief, and to indent the background. In conclusion, let me say that, of all the minor arts, leather-work is perhaps the easiest, and requires in proportion to its results the least outlay. With a tracer, a stamp, a hammer and a piece of leather, all costing together not more than a dollar, one can make the cover for a chair seat or back, which ought to be worth at least twice as much. No one should, however, begin by attempting to make a finished and elegant piece of work at the first effort, as I am sorry to say too many amateurs do. There should be in leather, as in brass-work, much preliminary practice in running lines, until a perfect command of the tracer or, in leather, the wheel is attained.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

THE LITTLE BOY WE CALL "H'y."

WE call him "H'y" for short. He is a year and a half old. He can run all around the house. We think he is a won-der-ful boy. He says very fun-ny things, and some very big words. "H'y's" mamma showed him the inside of the tall clock, and told him about the pen-du-lum. One day his papa showed him the inside of his watch, and when he saw the little wheel go back and forth he cried out: "Oh, papa! papa! pen-du-lum!"

Then, too, he saw Teddie riding on his bi-cy-cle, one morning. A few days later, "H'y" was playing with his blocks. He knew O and T, and he called H "baby's letter," because his name begins with H; but he had not learned Q. His mamma sat in an arm-chair near him, and she saw him looking for a long time at the block that had Q on it. At last she said: "What is it, 'H'y?'"

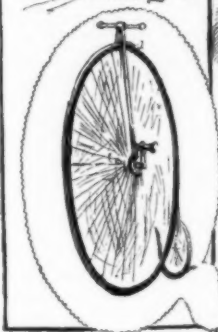
"H'y" looked up and laughed, and said:—"Bi-cy-cle!"



HE SAW
GEOFFIE RIDING ON
HIS BICYCLE.



"WHAT IS IT, HY?"

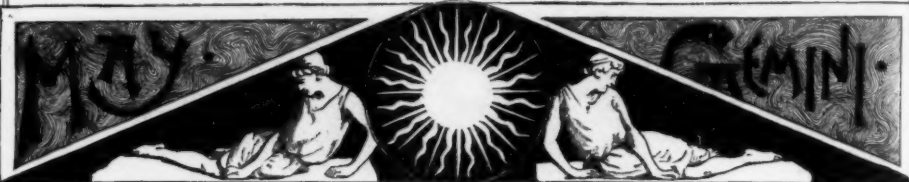


HE CAN RUN ALL AROUND
THE HOUSE.



HIS PAPA SHOWED HIM THE INSIDE OF HIS WATCH.

5th MONTH.	THE ST. NICHOLAS ALMANAC	MAY,
BY ROYAL AND BARR HILL.		



WHEN you search the starry skies,
The Twins you will not find;
For they're racing with the Sun,
Or hanging on behind.

Day of Month.	Day of Week.	Moon's Age.	Moon's Place.	Sun on Noon Mark.	Holidays and Incidents.
1	Thur.	6	Cancer	H. M. 11.57	May Day.
2	Fri.	7	Leo	11.57	☾ near Mars.
3	Sat.	8	Sextant	11.57	Thomas Hood, died 1845.
4	S	9	Leo	11.57	3d Sunday after Easter.
5	Mon.	10	Virgo	11.56	Nap. Bonaparte, d. 1821.
6	Tues.	11	"	11.56	
7	Wed.	12	"	11.56	☾ near Spica.
8	Thur.	13	Libra	11.56	
9	Fri.	FULL	"	11.56	
10	Sat.	15	Scorpio	11.56	
11	S	16	Ophiuch	11.56	4th Sunday after Easter.
12	Mon.	17	"	11.56	
13	Tues.	18	Sagitt.	11.56	Maria Theresa, b. 1717.
14	Wed.	19	"	11.56	
15	Thur.	20	Capri.	11.56	☾ very close to bright star.
16	Fri.	21	Aqua.	11.56	
17	Sat.	22	"	11.56	Edward Jenner, b. 1749.
18	S	23	"	11.56	Rogation Sunday.
19	Mon.	24	Pisces	11.56	Nat. Hawthorne, d. 1864.
20	Tues.	25	"	11.56	Columbus, d. 1506.
21	Wed.	26	"	11.56	
22	Thur.	27	"	11.56	Ascension Day.
23	Fri.	28	"	11.57	
24	Sat.	NEW	"	11.57	Queen Victoria, b. 1819.
25	S	1	"	11.57	Sunday after Ascension.
26	Mon.	2	"	11.57	
27	Tues.	3	Gemini	11.57	☾ near Venus.
28	Wed.	4	"	11.57	☾ near Jupiter. [eraldays.
29	Thur.	5	Cancer	11.57	Venus near Twins for sev.
30	Fri.	6	Sextant	11.57	Decoration Day. ☾ near
31	Sat.	7	Leo	11.58	[Mars.

SPORT FOR THE MONTH.

It's the very time and season,
For the merry bounding ball;
Toss it, bat it, kick it, pat it,
All you boys, with whoop and call.

EVENING SKIES FOR YOUNG ASTRONOMERS.

(See Introduction, page 255, ST. NICHOLAS for January.)*

MAY 15th, 8.30 P.M.

VENUS is now a lovely object in the west; on the 4th of June she will be at her brightest. She has left the constellation of *The Bull*, and is now in *Gemini*, or *The Twins*, and not far from Castor and Pollux. SATURN has set: he is so near the Sun that he is not noticeable even after the Sun has gone down. MARS is near Regulus in the south-west, but has lost the brightness that made him so conspicuous in February. You will know him by his red color. JUPITER now occupies the very spot he covered in January, near Castor and Pollux. Regulus, the star of *Leo*, is now more than two hours to the west of our south mark. Spica in *Virgo* is one hour to the east of it, and will be due south at a quarter to ten o'clock. Exactly in the south, rather low down, we can see a group of four quite conspicuous stars, forming a four-sided figure. These are in the constellation of *Corvus*, or *The Crow*. Arcturus is now very high up in the south-east.

We can now take another step in tracing the course of the Sun among the stars. Remembering that on the 20th of August he is exactly where we now see Regulus, we can trace his path to the 15th of October, when he will be very near, but a little higher than, Spica, the star of *The Virgin*. Remember, also, how high up we looked in January to his summer course between *Taurus* and *Gemini*, and now notice how much lower in the sky Spica is. But we shall trace him to his winter quarters still lower.

"JACK FROST" AND THE CHERRY-TREE.

"I'm Queen of the May!" said a proud Cherry-tree, who was arrayed in bridal white. "I'm the first comer, and have left all my sisters far behind me."

"You may be Queen," said "Jack Frost," as he gave her a sharp nip, "but I am still King."

"Well!" said the Cherry-tree, as she viewed with dismay the withered remains of her bridal veil, "this is the first time I ever took Time by the forelock, and I wish I had given him a good pull for getting me into such a scrape. I shall have to call all my blossoms in, and begin over again. Another time I will remember that 'Haste makes Waste.'"

* The names of planets are printed in capitals,—those of constellations in italics.

1884.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

31
DAYS.

"GOOD-BYE, April!" cried May's pretty voice, as she came dancing in with a great bunch of flowers in her hand, "I've such a lovely white wreath for the May Queen, and all sorts of bright, sweet things for you, Mother Nature. Everything looks beautiful—the brooks are all in tune, and your garden is fairly beginning to smile.

"Yes, my pretty May," said Dame Nature, "I'm right glad to see you back again to help me with it. This is a busy time with me, you know; but I feel quite light-hearted the minute I catch the first waft of fragrance that announces your coming, my pretty Blossom Queen. I wish you'd give your attention to the dandelions; for some reason, they are lazy this year. Stir them up a bit; they won't bite, you know. The blossoms are all waiting for your smile, and there's plenty of dainty work for you to do, my dear."

"Well," said May, "I'll do my best; but what with May Day at one end of my visit, and Decoration Day at the other, I've been hard worked of late years, and don't feel quite so gay as I once did. Is it possible that I'm getting old?" And, peeping into a brook to see, pretty May tossed her head at the lovely image she saw there, until the flowers came showering down from her hair, and then she laughed softly to herself,—a happy laugh in which one could hear the trill of the robin and the bluebird.

MAY SONG.

BLOSSOMS on the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the hedges,
Blossoms by the way-side,
Blossoms in the sedges;
Blossoms of the cherry,
Blossoms of the peach,
Blossoms of the apple,
Falling each by each.

In the fragrant shower,
I stand beneath the trees,
While all about me bloweth
The balmy, soft May breeze.
Winter is forgotten,
Gentle Spring is here,
And the lovely Summer
Now is drawing near.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MAKE your best bows and curtsies to the Lady May, my beloved. Here she comes, tripping to the song of birds, her green robes floating about her as she sprinkles the woods with flowers, festoons the fruit-trees with blossoms, and touches up the early gardens here and there. Heaven bless her! dear, sweet, happy Lady May—the darling of the year!

Now let me ask you, one and all, this question:

HOW MANY FLOWERS IN A DAISY?

DID ever you count the flowers in a common field daisy? It would be a difficult task, but not an impossible one. Last season, I loved to watch a group of fine, white, yellow-centered daisies, nodding near my pulpit; and I was surprised to see how many flowers each of them carried. If now or later in the season you have courage to look a daisy in the face and ask it how many flowers it has, you, too, may be astonished at the reply.

Now, who can read me this botanical riddle?

These dear little beauties, known as marguerites in some quarters, are not to be found in our bleak Northern fields just yet; but I'm told that they are raised in many sunny homes, and also that men grow them in hot-houses and sell them for a few cents a bunch.

HER "BRAW NEW CLAES."

A GOOD friend of yours, L. A. W. Shackelford, sends this pretty rhyme, which all my Scotch hearers will enjoy at first hearing, though some o' my wee American bairns may not ken the meanin' o' its odd words. Ah, well! the dear Little School-ma'am will help them, as she always is ready to do.

Find the mate to this little star,* my chicks (or, perhaps I should say, my little eaglets, as I am addressing Young Americans especially), and you

will come upon a something that may help you to enjoy this bonnie song:

Oh! sing wi' me, little birdies flit'n thro' the air!
An' ye jolly win's hummin' owre the glens an' the braes!
Jimp wi' me, kittins, while I'm jimpin' ev'rywhere,
For the cranreuch has bro't me some braw new claes!

I ha'e a dainty bonnet, full o' ribbons an' a feather,—
Some stripit-sheld stockins, an' a siller-buckled shoon.
An' a soft bright plaidie, a' fixit up thegither
Wi' braid, an' wi' buttons roun', an' sheeny as the moon.

An' soon the bonnie snaw will be heapit owre the groun';
An' the wor' will be a ringin' wi' the skates an' the sleighs;
An' I shall gae sklent'in' an' scrievin' up an' down,
As happy as a robbin' i' my braw new claes.

* Wee, little,—bairns, children. 1st stanza: Braw, fine, handsome,—claes, clothes,—wi', with,—flit'n, flitting,—thro', through,—an', and,—win's, winds,—hummin', humming,—owre, over,—braes, declivities, precipices, the slopes of hills,—jimp, jump,—kittins, kittens,—cranreuch, hoar frost, white frost,—bro't, brought. 2d stanza: Ha'e, have,—o', of,—ribbons, ribbons,—stripit-sheld, striped and speckled,—siller-buckled shoon, silver-buckled shoes,—plaidie, a plaid, a loose outer garment,—a', all,—fixit, fixed,—thegither, together,—roun', round,—sheeny, shiny. 3d stanza: Bonnie snaw, pretty snow,—heapit owre the groun', heaped over the ground,—wor', world,—gae, go,—sklent'in', sklenting, running aslant,—scrievin', to glide swiftly along,—i', in.

THE ARTILLERY FERN.

MY birds bring me wonderful accounts of affairs in plant life, but nothing that surprises me more than the actions of the Artillery Fern, as described by the dear Little School-ma'am, who, it appears, has found an account of one of the plants in a newspaper. Have any of my chicks ever seen one of these ferns fire itself off?

This is what the newspaper says of it:

—The artillery fern, or flower, as it is sometimes called, is a curious and beautiful plant which is not very generally known outside of rare collections or of florist's greenhouses. It acquires its singular name from the military and explosive fashion with which it resists the action of water upon it. If a branch of the fern, covered with its small red seed, be dipped in water and then held up to the light, there soon will occur a strange phenomenon. First one bud will explode with a sharp little crack, throwing into the air its pollen in the shape of a small cloud of yellow dust. This will be followed by another, and another, until very soon the entire fern-like branch will be seen discharging these miniature volleys with their tiny puffs of smoke. This occurs whenever the plant is watered, and the effect of the entire fern in this condition of rebellion is very curious as well as beautiful. As the buds thus open, they assume the shape of a miniature Geneva cross too small to the naked eye to attract much attention, but under a magnifying glass they are seen to possess a rare and delicate beauty.

HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!

HERE is a true story from a respected correspondent, which quite surpasses Mother Goose's fanciful account of the mouse that ran up the clock and then ran down again:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Some weeks ago, a certain piano was very carelessly left open for a whole day and two nights, while the responsible members of the family were out of the house. A lady visitor, on the evening before she intended to depart, left upon the open piano a ball of red worsted, and the stripe of an Afghan, which she was making. When she returned, forty-eight hours afterward, and entered the parlor with several members of the family, the sight that greeted them was astounding.

A large hole, and several smaller ones, had been made in the piano cover—the ball of worsted was half gone, and the Afghan stripe was a complete wreck! This was very mysterious. "Could it have been rats?" A mouse could scarcely make off with so much," said one and all.

A few days later a large rat was caught. Here, it was thought,

was the solution of the mystery. But more was to follow. The owner of the Afghan came again to the house, the family being again away, and the piano closed, as indeed it was for some time later. *That very night* the mysterious thief came again! On the wall hung a painted satin banner, with half a dozen yellow silk balls hanging at the bottom. These disappeared. The cords were gnawed through, and the balls carried off. What could it all mean? Days afterward came the true solution of the mystery. An unpleasant odor began to issue from the piano. "Mice!" exclaimed everybody, and significant looks were exchanged. As soon as possible, the key-board of the piano was taken out, and a long piece of hooked wire thrust into the corner from which the odor proceeded. Presently was drawn out a little bunch of red worsted; then a little more; and now a whole nest—a nest made of red worsted and soft yellow silk (no child had stolen those balls, after all), and in it were five tiny dead mice!

After a little more poking, out ran a fine large wood-mouse, with her one surviving young one in her mouth. She was struck at, and being forced to drop the little one, ran back. But finally she ventured out again, and was caught.

And what do you suppose made her select those balls above every other article in the room? To obtain them, she must have run right up the wall, which, fortunately for her, was of rough plaster. But this she certainly did; for, behind a large picture on the wall, over the piano, was found the rest of the worsted and silk, where the nest evidently had been first begun, and then abandoned.

Some people may consider this almost too strange a mouse-story to be believed, but it is strictly true in every particular.

From one of your most faithful readers,

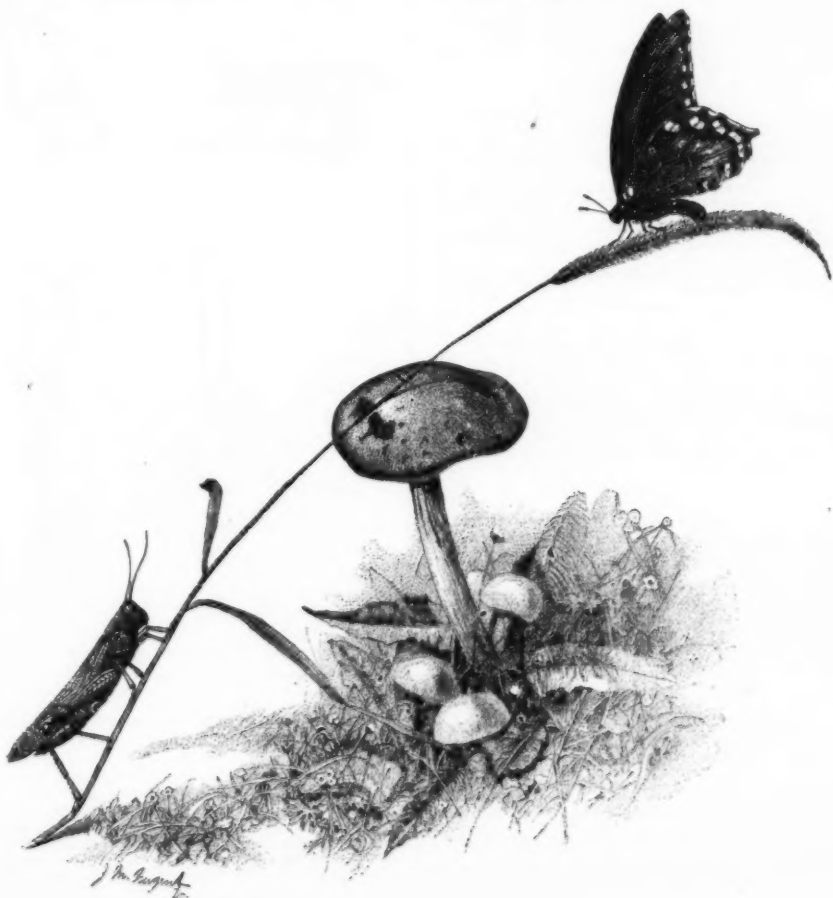
H.

INSECTS TILTING.

OUR friend, Mr. C. F. Holder, sends us another queer story, with a picture showing a pretty "see-saw":

DEAR JACK: In strolling through the woods I have often observed insects and various animals engaged in games and sports that did not differ greatly from some of those which children play. Once I saw two ants who were having a mock battle; another time two bugs were detected in a veritable game of tag, hiding behind twigs and leaves, and then darting out and away. Prof. Lockwood once observed a solemn toad at play; it was standing on its hind legs, holding in its mouth a twig exactly as if it were trying to play the flute.

With this I send you a picture showing a game of see-saw, which, though probably accidental, really occurred. A toad-stool that grew in a damp spot beside the walk, formed the rest, and across it had blown a spear of hay or grass, so that it almost balanced. While the spear was thus balanced, a butterfly came sailing along, and seeing the inviting roost, alighted for a moment's rest. But a moment later a comical green grasshopper, with two long waving whiskers, was seen to light upon the other end of the see-saw, just bearing it down, and, as he advanced up the spear, he was in turn raised into the air by the butterfly. In this way, for a moment or so, a regular tilt was had; but the butterfly, becoming alarmed at the approach of its curious neighbor, soon flew away, and up went its end of the see-saw, throwing the grasshopper sprawling into the air, and effectually breaking up the game.



THE LETTER-BOX.

3 PLOWDEN BUILDINGS, TEMPLE, LONDON, Feb. 2d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just a little letter to tell you I like you very much; I have taken you since 1881, and I have you bound every year. My papa buys you for me each month, because I work hard at my studies. Bessie L. wants to know how to use her Christmas cards; she can make a very pretty folding door-screen about 5 feet high; if the canvas is painted black and varnished, the cards look very well upon it. She can also make fans, and tables for the drawing-room which look very pretty. I am eleven years of age, and when I am twelve, Mamma wants me to make her a screen for her dining-room with my Christmas and birthday cards. I have seen some, and they look very pretty. I hope you will publish this letter from your little English friend,

FLORRIE B.

NEW YORK CITY, March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in "The Land of Fire," by Captain Reid, and also in the "Spinning-wheel Stories." I like all Miss Alcott's works, and I hope she will write a good many stories for this book. I have taken you for three or four years, and I like you very much better than any other magazine I have ever read. I am so sorry "Girl-Noblesse" is to be concluded in the next number. I like it very much.

Your constant reader,

JOSEPH V.

Miss Alcott will contribute a "Spinning-Wheel" story to each number of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884.

114 WARREN AVE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your jolly good magazine for March has come, and we enjoy it very much. My little sister, five years old, is singing under the house about "The Amiable Ape who Lived on the African Cape."

I go to school where there are twenty-four hundred (2400) children, but there are only sixty in our room, so we don't realize that there are so many in the school.

I am eight years old, and Mamma is writing for me because I make such a mess when I write, as I do to my Grandma, who is the dearest, sweetest Grandma in the world.

Please give my love to Miss Louisa Alcott and the "Amiable Ape" lady. Your little friend,

N. CLINTON T.

HARTFORD, CONN., March 3d, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you this letter to-day, in hopes it will be in the "Letter-Box" in a little while. It is the first one I ever wrote, but I have thought of doing it many times. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS four years, and so has a little girl that lives across the street from me. We have nice times together in the summer, and often take our ST. NICHOLASES out and read them under the trees. I am very much pleased with the ST. NICHOLAS. I must not make my letter any longer, although I would like to.

Your loving reader,

MABEL B. D.

HARPER'S FERRY, W. VA., February 29th.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Harper's Ferry. I don't know but one little girl here, so I am always glad to get you every month. I think you are the nicest book I ever saw. I have no sisters, only three brothers. I am ten years old. I certainly did like that story in the March number called "Wong Ning's Ideas"; it was so funny. We have beautiful scenery here; there are mountains all around us, and John Brown's Fort is here, too. I spend the summer out in the country at my aunt's; in the winter I stay at home. We have a governess to teach us. We look forward with great pleasure to your coming every month. Your constant reader,

ANNA LOVE R.

GERMANTOWN, COLUSA CO., CAL., February 1, 1884.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our public school has been taking you just a month; we all enjoy reading the nice stories and letters in you. In our school there are thirty-six scholars; we have a nice large play-ground, and we play different games at recesses. I live two miles from our school.

We have had a great deal of rain, and it snowed very hard in the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains; it is a perfectly beautiful sight in the morning to see the clear blue mountains covered with snow.

I have no sisters nor brothers, so I have a little friend staying with

me; she has been with me nearly four years; she goes to school with me; we are in the same class. I must close now, for I am afraid this letter will be too long to be printed.

Your little friend,

LAURA C. R.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Baltimore boy, whose papa has read ST. NICHOLAS to him for four years. I have a puzzle for other little boys to guess. I was born on the 5th of December, 1871, and I have had two more birthdays than my dear mamma. Can any of your readers tell me how old mamma is?

Yours truly,

E. S. T.

Baltimore, Feb. 9, 1884.

A NAUGHTY young contributor sends us these two sketches, which he calls a "respectful perversion" of three lines from "Mary and Her Little Lamb":



1. "And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go."



2. "And so the teacher put him out."

HERE comes another young contributor—Almeda H. Curtis—with a little novelette:

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO DID NOT MIND PICKING OVER THE RAISINS.

GRACIE HALL was eleven years old. She was a real nice little girl, only she *did* love raisins. Now, you want to know what that had to do with her being a nice little girl; well, I will tell you.

Her mamma was making a cake for her to take to a surprise party the next day, and Gracie was reading a very interesting

story-book she got last Christmas. "Gracie, want to pick over some raisins for mamma, like a good little girl?" "I don't mind," said Gracie. When she was through, she handed them to her mamma to put in the cake. "Are these all there are," said mamma. "Yes, ma'am," said Gracie. "Did you eat any of them, Gracie?" "Only a few, Mamma; only a few." "How often did you eat them?" Gracie said: "I ate only one out of every five." Mamma said no more; but when she asked Gracie to pick over raisins after that, Gracie did not say, "I don't mind," but did them without saying anything.

AND here is a juvenile bard who sends us some rhymes about

THE SWALLOW AND HER NEST.

THE rain is gone, the sun shines here,
Fields of green grass do now appear,
But some small part is still brown and sere.

The swallow, from her nest in the wall,
Doth tweet and chirp and say to all,
"This is *my* nest, look here, look here,
But you must not touch the eggs you see,
For they are my pride and property."

Four slender eggs: all which are spotted,
Partly with brown specks—they all are dotted.

The swallow is a bird that is ever on the wing,
And, like all happy birds, they sometimes sing:

But not on the ground, for that is not their way,
Though they do, more or less, I have heard people say.

Their nest is made up of mud or clay,
And they add to it faithfully day by day;
They carry earth and grass all the day long,
And don't get tired of their work or song.

W. B. J.

We fear that W. B. J. got a little tired of *his* song toward the end of it.

CHEBOYGAN, MICH., February 14th, 1884.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for four years; I love it very much. My mamma died last Spring, so my aunty keeps house for us. I have a very dear teacher that comes to our house to teach us, and I love her very much. I have a little brother and sister. Arthur is nine and Effie is six years old. You remember the Fan Brigade in ST. NICHOLAS two or three years ago; we had it last fall with the operetta of Red Riding Hood. It was very nice, and we made about one hundred dollars. I have a pet pony whose name is Daisy. She is jet black. I taught her to canter. In the summer I ride her very often. I have a side-saddle, and a riding-habit which a very dear friend made for me. I wish you would print this letter, as it is the first one I have written. Your little friend,
MINA H.

Leonard Sparrow, Emma H., Grace M. Hall, Alice M. H., May A., Willie D. Sanders, Cora Haseltine, Katy Sage, P. B., J. Allen Montgomery, L. B., Mary Halvern, Etie Cohen, Mabel M. Reed, Corena L. Abbott, J. Edward Gifford, Alonzo L. Ware, Ella S. Gould, H. L. Smith, Annie Ward, Gwennie Ward, Mabel G. Thelwall, Margaret G. Anderson, E. J. S., Nellie S. T. W., Nina B. and Elaine M., Annah E. Jacobs, Archie V. Thomson, Mabel Kellogg, F. S. Arnold, Wynford K. Steele, Albert Pearson, George H. Palmer, George Pulsaki, Bessie Rhodes, Miss Katie C. Chamberlain, Florence Montgomery, Mary E. Evans, Edna S. Rockwell, Lizzie Baker, Bertha T., A Friend, Flora Derwent, Florence H., Marian Pyott, Annie A. C., Moyna M. Sandford, Bessie MacDougal, Mabel Cholwell-Miller, Lillie H., Agnes Thorne, A. L. T., C. A. Elsberg, Bessie R., Grace H., Lulu Lindsay, Marion Bush, B. B. P., Willie Thomas, Maude O., Edith C., Irene Hanson, Aubrey G. Maguire, F. H., Guendoline O'Brien, Gustavus Pauls, Ed. V. Shipsey, Edward S. Wilson, George Bullard, Mabel Palmer, Bentra M. Shelley, Edgar S. Banta, Margaret W. Leighton: We must thank you all, dear boys and girls, for your hearty letters, and say how much we should like to print every one of them; but there is not room for even the briefest.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION—THIRTY-SEVENTH REPORT.

VERY gratifying is it to report a larger number of new Chapters this month than in any previous month in the history of the "A. A." There has been, on an average, one new Chapter every day but Sundays. Why should we not have a branch in every city and village in the United States? All are invited, young and old.

Prof. G. Howard Parker's report on the class in Entomology is given this month, and further particulars regarding the general meeting in Nashua next September.

It has been decided to print a new edition of the hand-book, in cloth; but it can hardly be ready before June, and we defer any description of it for the present.

The following kind letter will delight our young bird-students:

Dear Sir: I shall be happy to aid the "A. A." to the best of my ability, in ornithological matters.

Truly yours,
ARTHUR P. CHADBOURNE,
21 Buckingham St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
575	Spencer, Mass. (A).....	6..	Miss May Ladd.
576	Hadley, Mass. (A).....	6..	Miss Mary A. Cook.
577	Rochester, N. Y. (C).....	13..	Charles Boswell.
578	Osceola, Iowa (A).....	8..	Harlan Richards.
579	Roxbury, N. Y. (A).....	18..	Henry O. Cartwright.
580	So. Boston, Mass. (C).....	5..	F. M. Spalding, 777 B'dway.
581	Urbana, Ohio (B).....	7..	Edward Stockslager.
582	Germantown, Pa. (E).....	4..	Miss Ada M. Wheeler, 127 W. Pa. St.
583	Chicago, Ill. (R).....	6..	G. E. Hale, 96 Drexel Ave.
584	Colorado Springs, Col. (A).....	4..	Mrs. E. B. McMorris.
585	Buffalo, N. Y. (I).....	6..	Francis M. Moody, 187 North Pearl St.
586	Lowell, Mass. (C).....	6..	H. C. Raynes, 36 Lawrence St.
587	Concord, N. H. (A).....	4..	Miss Lucretia E. Lamprey.
588	Chicago, Ill. (S).....	8..	W. A. Wilkins, 41 Aldine Sq.
589	Cleveland, Ohio (B).....	90..	H. Bert Crowl, 501 Franklin Ave.
590	Pomfret Centre, Conn. (A).....	4..	Mrs. S. O. Marsh.
591	Tioga, Tioga Co., Pa. (A).....	6..	Miss Winnie Smith.
592	New York, N. Y. (P).....	4..	C. A. Elsberg, 1101 Lexington Ave.
593	Brookline, Mass. (A).....	6..	Geo. L. Briggs.
594	No. Granville, N. Y. (A).....	6..	James E. Rice.
595	Oncontia, N. Y. (A).....	4..	Miss Jessie E. Jenks.
596	Chicago, Ill. (T).....	5..	Byron W. Peck, 334 E. Indiana.
597	Lawrence, Kansas (B).....	5..	Albert Garrett.
598	St. George's Hall (A).....	17..	Mrs. Mary B. Kinear, Reister-town P. O., Maryland.
599	Bethlehem, Pa. (B).....	4..	Eric Doolittle.
600	Galveston, Texas (A).....	5..	Philip C. Tucker, Jr.

EXCHANGES.

Birch bark, magnetic sand, gypsum, pressed ferns, and autumn leaves, for sea-shells, foreign coins, and ores.—Harvey Sawyer, Ludington, Mich.

2000 silk-worms, for Polyphemus cocoons.—Florence Maynard, Northampton, Mass.

Minerals and eggs, for eggs and skins.—Geo. H. Lorimer, 2246 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Minerals, insects, and cocoons, for birds' skins, eggs, insects, and cocoons.—Carleton Gilbert, 116 Wildwood Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Correspondence with distant chapters wanted by Frank H. Foote, Keene, N. H.

Gypsum, chalcedony, meteorite, and mica, for fossils and rare minerals.—Frank U. Jay, 2510 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Pacific shells and sea-weeds, for ocean curiosities, and correspondence with Texas chapters wished for by H. C. Howe, of Fulton, N. Y.

Rare butterflies, for New England butterflies.—Chas. C. Beale, Faulkner, Mass.

Fossils and minerals, for fossils. Correspondence wanted in every State, with reference to exchanging.—E. P. Boynton, Third Ave. and 5th St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Feldspar, mica rock, eggs, and cocoons, for cocoons.—Percival C. Pyle, Wilmington, Del.

Lepidoptera.—Jas. P. Curtiss, 57 Seward Ave., Auburn, N. Y.

I can not furnish any more trilobites for exchange.—Wm. E. Loy, Eaton, Ohio.

Minerals for exchange, and correspondence.—E. Y. Gibson, 723 Washington Ave., Jackson, Mich.

Retinite, pink, yellow, and white, calcite, malachite, specularite, serpentine, auriferous iron, pyrites, and others, for either lepid—coleo—or hymenoptera.—E. K. Larned, 2546 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Zelite, stilbite, heulandite, feldspar, etc., for cinnabar and other minerals.—Franklin Bache, 123 Price St., Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Large amount of natural history material, and many consecutive numbers of Appleton's Journal (weekly), for works of Agassiz, Mivart, Darwin, and Huxley, upon Evolution.—W. R. Lighton, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Craw-fish, orange-blossoms, Mississippi sand in bottles, for bird-skins, ocean shells, and star-fish.—Percy L. Benedict, 1243 Great Charles St., New Orleans, La.

REPORT OF CLASS IN ENTOMOLOGY.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Feb. 16th, 1884.

Of the twenty members of the Entomological Class, five have completed the full number of papers with credit, and are therefore entitled to full honors. They are:

1. Bashford Dean, New York City, N. Y.
2. Helen Montgomery, Wakefield, Mass.
3. Mrs. Rachel H. Mellon, Pittsburg, Pa.
4. Daisy G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.
5. Isabel G. Dame, West Medford, Mass.

Of the remainder who have passed with credit on a part of the assigned subjects, are:

- H. A. Stewart, Gettysburg, Pa., in Hemiptera, Neuroptera, Diptera, Coleoptera, and insects in general.
 Alonzo H. Stewart, Washington, D. C.—Lepidoptera and Hemiptera.
 Fred Clearwater, Brazil, Ind.—Lepidoptera.
 George J. Grider, Bethlehem, Pa.—Lepidoptera.
 Elizabeth Marquand, Newburyport, Mass.—Lepidoptera.
 Arthur Stone, Boston, Mass.—Lepidoptera.

Respectfully submitted,

G. HOWARD PARKER.

AN ANECDOTE OF AGASSIZ.

H. E. Deats, of Pittstown, N. J., sends the following interesting anecdote of Prof. Agassiz, which he copied from the *Home Circle*:

"His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were the objects of the boy's attention. He came to London with letters to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

"The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. 'I think,' he said at last, 'I know a little about fishes.'"

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there."

"All of the great scientific savants of England belonged to this society. That evening, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man.' He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. 'Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?' said Sir Roderick.

"Agassiz took the chalk, and rapidly sketched a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. 'Sir,' Agassiz said, on telling the story, 'that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science.'"

[This anecdote may contain a helpful suggestion for the very small number of our members who are opposed and ridiculed at home. Study earnestly, and learn so much that you can prove the value of your work.]

QUESTIONS.

1. Do earthquakes generally occur in volcanic regions? 2. Why does whirling make a person dizzy? 3. What is the best way to keep cocoons and caterpillars? 4. Of what use are toads? 5. Do squirrels drink water? 6. What are the uses of flies? 7. Explain the comparative anatomy of the legs of a horse and a man. 8. Where do prairie-dogs get water? 9. What is the best cure for a rattlesnake's bite?

NOTES.

86. *Attacus Cynthia*.—Some one in the Agassiz March report asks, "What is the *Attacus Cynthia*?"

It is a large moth from the "Ailanthus Silkworm," a native of Japan, and introduced in 1858 into France, where it is now said to be "as much at home as in its native habitat."

I have had two cocoons which opened and produced handsome moths about the size of the *Cecropia* Moth. The wings have a narrow band of white, which, as spread, form a sort of collar, and are extended by a crescent of a rich brown, edged with satiny white. There are crescents on both front and hinder wings. There is, outside the white line, a rose-purple border, which edges the collar, and the heavy inner edge of the broad border, which, like the whole ground-work is a sort of brown olive-green. The body is covered with rows of white cottony tufts, three parallel rows down the back, six in each row, about the size of a small pin's head. On the front edge of the fore-wings is a small oval black spot, bordered with an edge of white above. The cocoon resembles that of *Attacus Promethia*. These came to me from Brooklyn, N. Y.

The caterpillar, (which I have not seen) and the cocoon and eggs (but not the moth) are figured in Figure's *Insect World*, p. 248, where, "when full grown," it is described as "emerald-green, with the head, the feet, and the last segment of a beautiful golden yellow." J. P. B.

87. *Snow Crystals*.—While walking in a meadow I came to a small hillock between two evergreen trees. In ascending this knoll, I was suddenly transfixed by the beautiful colors of the snow; the crystals of which the slant rays of the February sun lighted up brightly. Below are the prominent colors, the pure beauty of which can not be described:

Green.—With a sort of liquid luster.

Blue.—Very clear, and merging into the green.

Purple.—Which gave a magnificent cast to the landscape.

Linwood M. Howe.

88. *Trenton, B.*—I found the nest of a wood-pewee (*Contopus virens*). It had two cream-colored eggs, speckled with black near the larger end. I climbed the tree, but did not touch the eggs. While I was looking at them, one egg cracked open in the middle, and a little wood-pewee came out.—Herbert Westwood, Pres.

[We have never known of another instance in which any one has seen a wild bird leave the egg. Has any one?]

A CONVENTION PROPOSED BY CHAPTER 21.

We are the more inclined to publish the following communication from Chapter 21, because the Nashua branch is one of our oldest and most energetic; because the plan is entirely spontaneous with them, and especially, because they assure us that the proposed "convention is for the discussion of scientific subjects, comparison of methods, exchange of specimens, etc., but not politics."

We should add as one of the chief advantages, the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted. After long and pleasant intercourse by letter, it is worth much to meet each other face to face.

Let us all go to Nashua next September, if possible, and have a good and profitable time.

TO THE CHAPTERS OF THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.

Believing that nothing can promote the welfare of the Association so much as annual meetings of the chapters, Chapter 21 proposes to try the experiment of inviting the A. A. to meet at Nashua, N. H., September third and fourth, 1884.

The exercises will consist of the discussion of scientific subjects and questions that relate to the welfare of the Association. Delegates are requested to make short reports of their several Chapters. Please forward to the Nashua Chapter any important subject you would like the Convention to consider.

An opportunity will be given to the delegates to visit the finest private mineralogical collection in the State.

Chapters intending to send delegates will please inform us immediately in regard to the number; for if there is not a sufficient number intending to come, the Convention will not be held. The President of the A. A. has consented to attend, and other scientists are expected.

Good hotel accommodations can be obtained at two dollars per day. Chapters are reminded that the Convention will afford an excellent opportunity to effect an exchange of specimens.

If other information is desired, apply, with stamps, to

F. W. Greeley, Nashua, N. H.

[N. B. Chapters which think favorably of sending delegates to this Convention will kindly advise the President of the A. A. as well as the Secretary of Chapter 21.]

HARLAN H. BALLARD,
 Lenox Academy, Lenox, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TRANSFORMATION PUZZLE.

CHANGE the first and last letter of the first word defined to form the second word defined. *Example:* Change a substance used in brewing to a healing substance. *Answer:* m-al-t, b-al-m.

1. Change to supplicate to a measure of weight.
2. Change a lesson to a facility.
3. Change a season to undisturbed.
4. Change to glide to a medley.
5. Change a kind of fuel to a word meaning to erect.
6. Change a girl's name to a masculine name.
7. Change domestic animals to a garment worn by the Romans.
8. Change perfume to something worshiped.
9. Change a horned animal to a masculine name.
10. Change species to a feminine name.
11. Change joyous to kill.

When these changes have been rightly made, place the words one below the other in the order here given. The primals will name certain embellishments used on the day named by the finals.

CYRIL DEANE.

FRAMED WORD-SQUARE.

	5		7	
1	0	.	.	0 2
	.	*	*	*
	.	*	*	*
	.	*	*	*
3	0	.	.	0 4
	6			8

FRAME: From 1 to 2, a common name for Campeachy wood; from 3 to 4, one who warns of faults or gives advice by way of reproof or caution; from 5 to 6, a share; from 7 to 8, the apparent junction of earth and sky.

INCLUDED WORD-SQUARE: 1. The color of the wood of the upper bar. 2. Part of the day. 3. A cave. J. P. B.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals (reading downward) from left to right, a climbing plant; from right to left, a precious stone.

Cross-words: 1. Having joints. 2. Peaceful. 3. Transit from one place to another. 4. An injunction. 5. To prepare. 6. Flags of an army. 7. A controversy. F. S. F.

A CREMATION-CHARADE.

To burn my *first*, with heat would fill;
To burn my *second*, the birds would kill;
To burn my *whole*, if such were fate,
Would destroy a town in the Keystone State.
"S. M. ARTY."

BEHEADINGS.

THE beheaded letters, read in the order here given, will spell the name of the President of the United States who said, "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Behead partly open and leave a receptacle. 2. Behead a musical company and leave a conjunction. 3. Behead to tear and leave termination. 4. Behead dry and leave to free from. 5. Behead a space of time and leave a pronoun. 6. Behead "so be it" and leave mankind. 7. Behead a ditch and leave a kind of grain. 8. Behead a bird and leave a famous vessel. 9. Behead a familiar contraction of a Latin word meaning "in the same place" and leave to command. 10. Behead two and a quarter inches and leave to be ill. 11. Behead a hood and leave a bird. 12. Behead a sign and leave adults. 13. Behead the name of a famous but imprudent king and leave the perception of sounds. 14. Behead nice and leave to consume.

KANSAS BOY.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-six letters, and am two lines from one of Thomson's poems.

My 57-53-16-26 are heavy vapors. My 21-58-17-66-8-63 name the "melancholy Dane." My 2-59-41-48-75-53 is a cover for the hand. My 30-55-19 is tumult. My 40-18-5-61 is the chief magistrate of

Venice. My 23-14-38-73 is a title of address. My 56-3-30-32-42-36-76 is cut in small hollows. My 37-1-69-44-11-35-60-28-39 is a tree of the laurel family whose bark has an aromatic smell and taste. My 62-9-65-29-64-72 is a projecting candlestick. My 15-46-49-54 is necessity. My 10-52-12-70-25 is convenient. My 4-67-71-51-7-45-47-31-27-39-68-34 is pertaining to the north-west. My 22-6-24-13-43-74 are large vehicles.

LOTTIE J. J.



FIRST read the above as a rebus. The answer will be a four-line stanza. Then select the eight letters inclosed in eight similar circles. When these letters are rightly placed, they will spell the name of the writer of the stanza.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals name a country of Europe; my finals a sea-port of that country noted for its trade in grain.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A hut for herdsmen. 2. Joined. 3. To greet. 4. A succession. 5. Results. 6. A peninsula of North America.

VESSIE W.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A large vessel or cistern. 3. A gentleman's servant. 4. A mild chloride of mercury, much used as a medicine. 5. A grain-measure of Tripoli, containing nearly six gallons. 6. A number. 7. In candle.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A wager. 3. To weave or entwine together. 4. Gained knowledge of. 5. Resembling tin. 6. The governor of Algiers. 7. In candle.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. The egg of an insect. 3. Bare. 4. Compared. 5. Rigid. 6. A river of Scotland. 7. In candle.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. Was seated. 3. A convention or council. 4. Exhausted. 5. To pull or haul. 6. To expire. 7. In candle.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In candle. 2. A period of time. 3. A species of antelope in South Africa. 4. A soldier who is taught and armed to serve either on horseback or on foot. 5. The positive pole of an electric battery. 6. The female of the fallow-deer. 7. In candle.

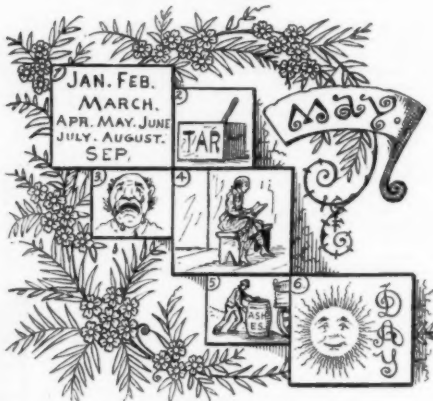
ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains three letters. The zigzag, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, will spell the name of a great engineering enterprise recently completed.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A large wooden vessel. 2. A sphere. 3. A nocturnal bird. 4. A lad. 5. A place of safety. 6. Advanced in

years. 7. An affirmation. 8. A unit. 9. The central part of a wheel. 10. Anger. 11. Much needed in summer. 12. To annex. 13. Enormous. 14. A slippery customer. FRANK.

A MAY DIAGONAL.



EACH of the six pictures here shown may be described by a word of six letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order here given, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the day for an annual excursion.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. The father of Saturn. 2. Not of remote date. 3. To charge with an offense. 4. In grammar, a word meaning of neither gender. 5. Invisible. 6. The surname of an English writer of the eighteenth century.

"HYPERION."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE. Welcome showers. Cross-words: 1. cWer. 2. oVEn. 3. pLan. 4. roCk. 5. cOat. 6. doMe. 7. bEnt. 8. noSe. 9. thIn. 10. prOp. 11. oWls. 12. tiEs. 13. tRap. 14. roSe. — CHAUNCE. Breakfast.

EASY BEHEADINGS. 1. G-oat. 2. G-one. 3. S-cream. 4. G-old. 5. T-oms.

ENIGMA. Smoother, smother, mother, other, her, he, ch. CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Whom. 2. Hero. 3. Orbs. 4. Most.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Benjamin; finals, Franklin. Cross-words: 1. Bluff. 2. Ertor. 3. NevA. 4. JoIN. 5. ArK. 6. Model. 7. IcenI. 8. NatioN. 9. DiamOND. 1. S. 2. Sad. 3. Mated. 4. Satiric. 5. Satirical. 6. Derived. 7. Dicer. 8. Cad. 9. I.

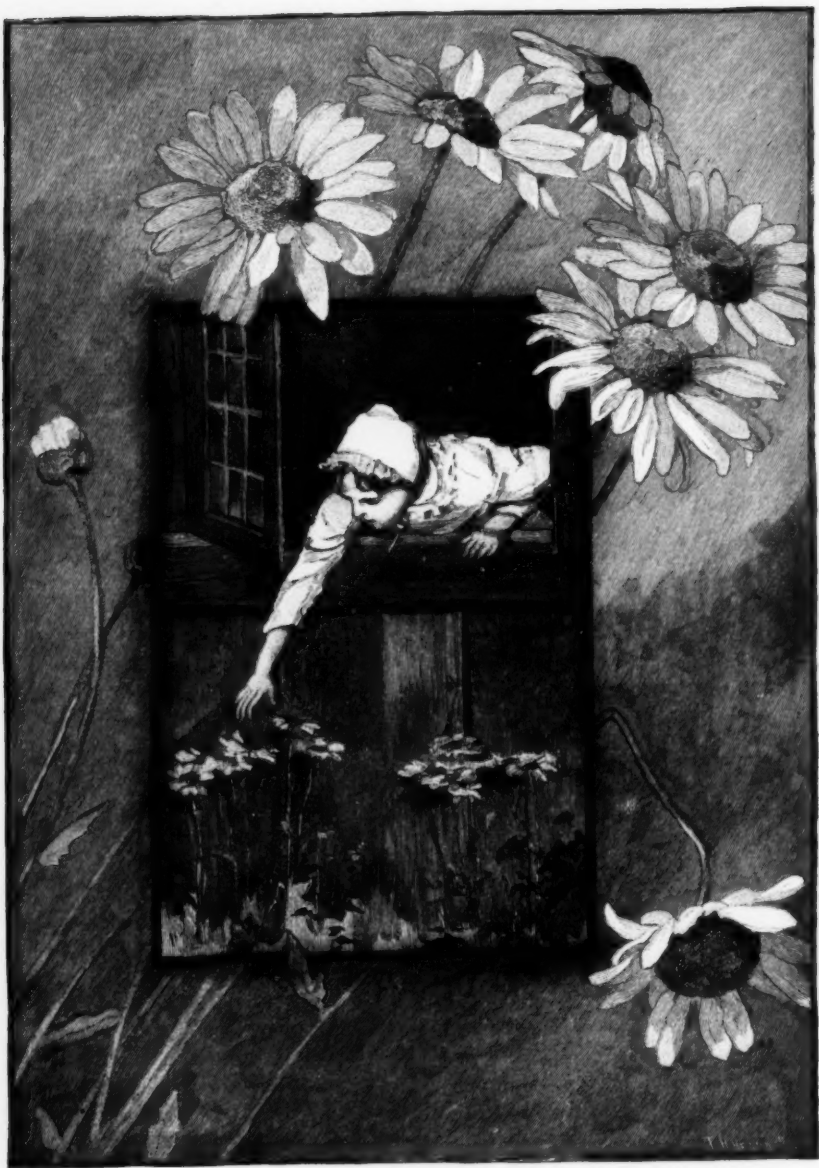
CUBE. From 1 to 2, rascal; 2 to 6, linnet; 5 to 6, escort; 1 to 5, relate; 3 to 4, Tabard; 4 to 8, doctor; 7 to 8, tartar; 3 to 7, target; 1 to 3, rout; 2 to 4, lord; 6 to 8, tier; 5 to 7, exit.

THE names of those who send solutions are printed in the second address to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY PUZZLES received, too late for acknowledgment in April number, from Hester M. F. Powell, 13.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from Cyril Deane — Madeleine Vultee — Maggie T. Tunill — Jessie A. Platt — Mamma, Hattie, and Clara.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 20, from J. D. W., 1 — Willie Mossman, 5 — E. N., 1 — Helen Ballantine, 2 — Edith M. Van Dusen, 2 — Bessie Grise, 1 — Grace H. Frisbie, 2 — Maude Bugbee, 9 — "Young Martin" and "Merry Pecksniff," 7 — Paul Reese, 11 — Viola Percy Conklin, 2 — R. McKean Barry, 1 — Carrie Howard, 2 — Ida Paine, 1 — May H. Munroe, 1 — Laura Churchill, 1 — J. V., 1 — S. R. T., 11 — Julia Vauk and Mamie Rogers, 3 — De and Ish, 1 — Olive B. Worden, 1 — Eben M. Willis, 1 — Uncle Mo and Cousin Mamie, 2 — Nellie B. Kempton, 1 — Moses W., 4 — Jessie Doig, 1 — Maggie B. Hoffman, 1 — Will R. Rowe, 2 — Birdie Alberger, 2 — Amy M. Thunders, 1 — Ed., 9 — Louie, 1 — Nellie K., 2 — Frank T. Pope, 5 — Clara, 1 — "Fin. I. S.", 3 — "Shumway Hen and Chickens," 11 — M. E. K., 2 — Henry Amsten, 1 — Bessie Evanston, 1 — Reginald H. Murphy, Jr., 1 — Win. H. Clark, 11 — Edna Seaman, 1 — S. S., 3 — Sallie Viles, 9 — Buttercup, 3 — Carrie Rothschild, 1 — H. C. White, 2 — Jennie and Birdie K., 4 — Alex. H. Laidlaw, 3 — Geo. P. Miller, 8 — Harry and Kittie, 1 — Agnes Griffen, 1 — H. I. D., 1 — John C. Winne and Geo. C. Beebe, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Edward J. Shipley, 2 — Edward S. Oliver, 2 — Bettie S. Latham and Mrs. D., 5 — F. B. Bonesteel, 1 — Josie Buchannan, 2 — Russell K. Miller, 2 — Lizzie and Papa, 7 — L. C. B., 4 — Mamma and Adelaide, 6 — Edith Helen Moss, 2 — "The Cottage," 3 — Geo. James Bristol, 4 — Minnie B. Murray, 11 — Julia T. Nelson, 2 — "March Wind," 4 — Alice V. Westwood, 7 — W. B. Angell, 8 — George Lyman Waterhouse, 11 — Bessie B. Anderson, 8 — Willie Sheraton, 3 — Laura and Willie Rice, 9 — Charlotte Evans, 2 — Blake and Ellison H., 6 — Appleton H., 5 — Chas. H. Kyte, 10 — Marguerite Kyte, 2 — M. White and V. Westover, 5 — Bessie Rogers and Co., 10 — Lucy M. Bradley, 11 — I. S. Palmer, 7 — Geo. Habenicht, 1 — E. Westervelt, 1 — Margaret, Muriel, and Edith Grundy, 5 — B. T. H., 3 — Hugh and Cis, 11 — Francis W. Islip, 11.



"DAISY TIME."
(See page 611.)